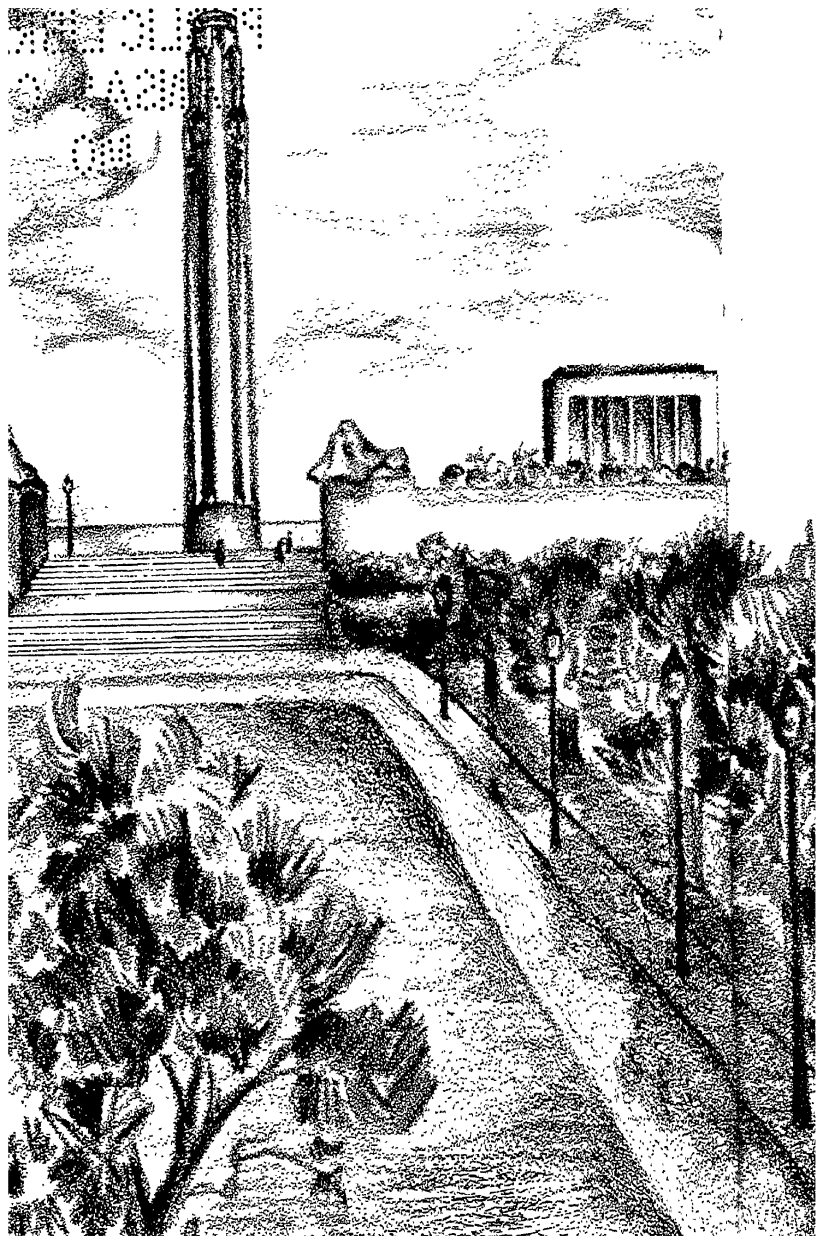




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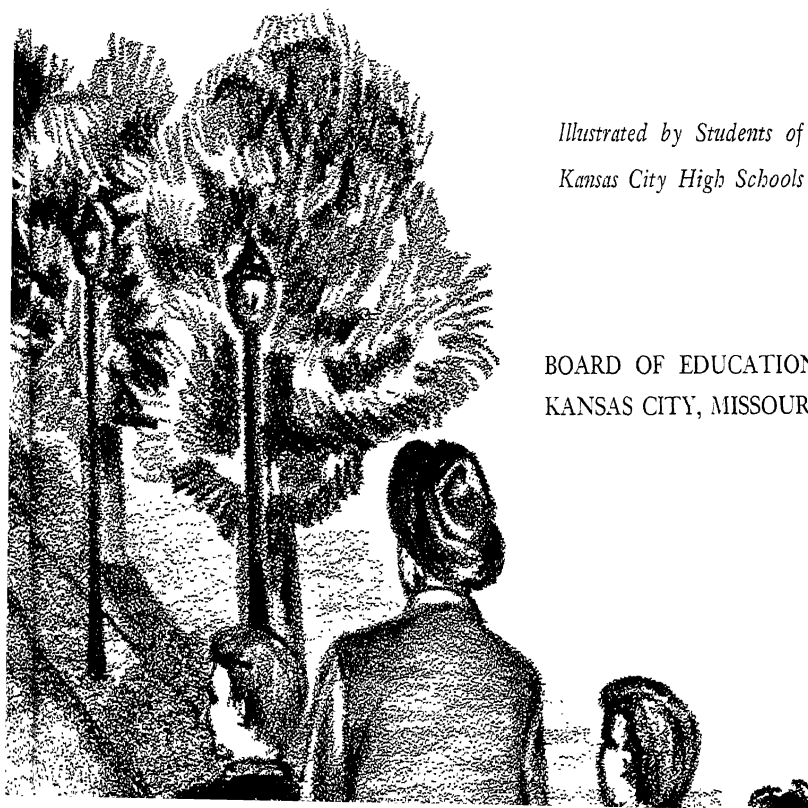
The Story of KANSAS CITY

The City Beautiful

EMMA SERL ALICE LANTERMAN VIRGINIA SHEAFF

*Illustrated by Students of
Kansas City High Schools*

BOARD OF EDUCATION
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



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DICK COMES TO KANSAS CITY

Meeting the Train

Dick Norton walked quickly up the stairs of the Union Station in Kansas City. He could hardly wait to reach the top, for it was his first visit to the city. He had heard his parents talk of it for as long as he could remember, and now he was going to see it for himself.

No wonder his heart beat fast as he stepped along the hallway leading to the Station lobby. Would Dad's friends, the Millers, be there to meet him?

Suppose they weren't—where would he go? What would he do? A twelve-year-old boy from Western Kansas making his first trip alone to the American Royal would feel lost in a big city.

As he pushed through the heavy doors, suitcase in hand, he heard a pleasant voice say, "That must be Dick. He looks just like his dad." He looked up into the smiling eyes of a broad-shouldered man he knew was John Miller. Dad had shown him his picture often enough, and had said with pride, "That's one of my best friends. I hope you'll get to know him some day. You'll like him the minute you meet him."

After one quick look at Mr. Miller's warm smile, Dick was sure Dad was right.

"I'm Dick Norton, sir," said Dick as he shook hands and smiled at Mr. Miller. Behind Mr. Miller stood a pretty, smiling woman, a tall, thin boy with freckles on his nose, and a little girl with blond curly hair and red bows.

"Here is Mrs. Miller, Dick. This long-legged colt is Bob. And this is our daughter Jean. She may be small, but she's large enough to hate being teased," and Mr. Miller winked at Dick as he finished introducing them.

"How do you like Kansas City?" Jean asked. Dick glanced about him at the great crowd of people, the huge lobby, the high ceiling, and said, "Why,—I—I don't know yet. I haven't seen much of it."

"A foolish question, Jean," Bob scolded her. "Give him a chance to look around. Of course he'll like Kansas City when he gets to know it."

"Suppose we let him begin to get acquainted with it by showing him the Union Station," Mrs. Miller said. "Bob, you take Dick's suitcase to the car and meet us by the Book Store. We'll have plenty of time before dinner to go through the Station."

Dick was busy trying to see everything at once. Mr. Miller noticed how his eyes widened at the sight of the huge place, so he said, "You know, Dick, this one room is large enough to hold 60,000 persons. Trains could bring in the people from a dozen towns around Kansas City and put them all in here without having the room seem crowded."

Soon Bob joined the group. He told Dick that the lobby is nearly a hundred feet high. He also told him that the only lobbies in the country that are any finer are in the Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations in New York City.

"I think I'll begin with Kansas City before I take on New York," Dick grinned as he looked about him. He saw long lines of people buying tickets at the windows. Tickets to New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Miami, Boston, Atlanta—where were all the hundreds of people going? Some of them stood at the windows marked Pullman. They must all be going long distances to need to sleep on the train, he thought.

Dick looked down the length of the lobby and said, "How long is this room, anyway?" and Bob answered him with an important air, "It's two hundred

thirty feet long. At the east end is the dining room, and at the west end is the baggage room. Let's walk down there and take a look." As they came to the room marked Baggage, Bob asked, "See those racks over there, Dick?"

"Yes, what are they for?"

"They hold all the baggage that comes through Kansas City. The station here handles several million pieces of baggage in a year. They hardly ever lose a piece either."

The Union Station, facing the Liberty Memorial



"By the way, Dick, you brought a piece of baggage yourself, didn't you?" Mr. Miller asked. "You can't quite carry a calf as you can a suitcase, I guess. Where is this future American Royal ribbon winner which your father wrote was coming?"

Dick laughed as he said, "My calf, Peter Mischief, is a little heavy to carry—he weighs over nine hundred pounds. I call him Pete. He's been shipped in a cattle car going direct to the American Royal Building."

"When can we see him, Dick?" Jean asked. "He sounds so big I wonder if I'll be afraid of him."

"Go down with me tonight and you can find out if you are. I'm going to feed and water him. I have to bed him down for the night, so you can come along."

As the Millers left the Baggage Room Dick then told them about his calf.

Aboard a Streamliner

Bob was anxious for Dick to see the rest of the Union Station.

"Say, Dad, don't you think Mr. Harris might give us a pass so we could show Dick the part of the Station that travelers hardly ever see?" he asked his

father now.

“That’s a good idea, Bob, we might try it,” Mr. Miller replied. “Mr. Harris is our neighbor who works here in the station. Let’s see if he’s at the ticket window now.”

Mr. Harris was glad to see the Millers and their guest. While he could not give them a pass, he was happy to show them the Station himself. He took them first to the freight elevator in order to get to the sub-basement. Bob and Dick wanted to touch the doors at each floor as they went down, but Mr. Harris reminded them that this was dangerous.

The Union Station lobby



When the elevator came to a stop, Mr. Harris told them that this was the place where the mail was sorted. The Millers found themselves dodging mail trucks and skirting moving belts called mail conveyors. As they watched the thousands of letters move past them, Mr. Harris explained that there were twenty miles of belts leading either to the Post Office or to the trains. He told them these belts were run by electricity. All of the group were amazed at the swift way in which the mail was handled.

The group went next to the basement level to see the men busy taking care of baggage and express. The platform was crowded with loading wagons. Chickens squawked in wire cages. A dog barked loudly at being tied up. Rows upon rows of suitcases and trunks stood waiting to be delivered.

"Bob, wouldn't you like to have your friend go through one of our best trains?" asked Mr. Harris. "One of the newest streamliners is being made up in the yards now, and is waiting for its engine."

Bob grinned broadly at this suggestion. Both he and Dick matched their steps to those of Mr. Harris as he led them to the shining steel cars on Track

Fourteen. The rest of the group followed close behind.

"There she is, boys—isn't she a beauty?" shouted Mr. Harris above the noise of the puffing engines. The boys were thrilled with the graceful lines of the gleaming steel coaches, and stood still to admire them. But Mrs. Miller and Jean were eager to go inside in order to see the new Pullman cars and diner.

The first car they entered was one of the newest type Pullmans. It was made up of small rooms called roomettes. In each of these was a bed hidden in the wall. At night this bed could be pulled down. In a cupboard was the wash basin. The temperature and air in each roomette could be controlled by the passenger in it.

"My goodness, how different these roomettes are from the Pullmans!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller.

"How, Mother?" Jean demanded.

"Well, the Pullmans I use in traveling have sections of seats which are made up into beds," answered her mother. "These are called berths. There are lower berths and upper berths, much like those in a ship's cabin or a double deck bed."



Streamliners in the Station yards

"Wouldn't it seem queer to go to bed on a train!" exclaimed Jean.

"In these days, it's just like going to bed in your own room," Mr. Harris replied. "Some trains even have bedrooms in their Pullman cars. These are larger than the roomettes, and cost more."

"Say, Mr. Harris, where do they eat on this train? That's what I want to see. I'd rather eat than sleep," Bob said.

"Right this way, boys, follow me to the diner," Mr. Harris replied.

After a long walk through several cars, they came into a beautifully decorated one in which were tables set with snow-white linen and gleaming silver. Waiters in stiffly starched white coats hurried back and forth to the box-like kitchen. Delicious odors teased the children's appetites. They stared in wonder as they watched the cook preparing so many different foods in such a small space.

"If you boys think you can leave the diner now, we may be able to see the Diesel engine coupled onto the train," Mr. Harris told them.

"Then let's go—I don't want to miss that," cried Dick.

So the group hurried down the length of the train in order to see this interesting sight.

The Diesel engine was the best part of the train. Graceful yet strong, its power held in check by the engineer, the engine slipped easily into its place just as the Millers reached it. They stood for a long time

admiring the engine's bright colors, its huge headlight, and giant wheels. They were all sorry they could not stay to see it pull out.

"Some day I'm going to take a trip on a train like that," Bob said to Dick as they climbed up the stairs to the lobby of the Station.

"How about letting me go with you?" Dick asked.

"And don't you dare leave me behind," added Jean, who had heard what the boys were saying.

The family thanked Mr. Harris for his kindness as they left him at the ticket window. Mrs. Miller glanced up at the Station clock and exclaimed, "Oh, my! That clock tells us we'd better be getting on to the waiting room. That's the next thing to see."

Exploring the Station

The waiting room was a busy place at this time of day. In it Dick saw rows upon rows of benches with wide aisles between them. He saw heavy bronze doors leading to train tracks below, with the names and schedules of the trains printed above them. He saw men in blue uniforms and red caps carrying many pieces of luggage, and he wondered how they could hold so many bags at once. He saw women and men waiting on the benches or hurrying to the

trains. He heard the cries of tired babies and saw children darting in and out among the aisles as they stretched their legs after long train journeys. Many crowded around the newsstand in the center of the room buying post cards and candy.

"It doesn't look much like the depot at home," Dick said as he grinned at Mr. Miller. "We could put ours down in one corner of this place and never even see it. How do they heat such a big building? Of course we heat our depot with a stove, but—"

"I believe Bob can tell you something about how this place is heated, Dick," Mr. Miller replied. "When Bob's class studied transportation at school, he reported on the Union Station."

"There's a power house in connection with the Station which has three steam turbines to provide heat and to make all the electricity," Bob told Dick. "These turbines furnish the electricity for everything from the coffee pots to the elevators."

As the group left the waiting room Dick saw the candy and fruit shop. They walked over to the book shop and newsstand where hundreds of books, magazines, and newspapers from all over the country were for sale. The Millers could hardly pull Jean

away from the doll display in the toy shop, while Mrs. Miller enjoyed the gift shop in the drug store. The boys looked at the novelties for sale in booths in the lobby. Dick thought there wasn't a thing he had missed until Jean said, "Aren't we going to show him the Westport Room? I should think he'd want to see that."

"What's the Westport Room?" Dick asked.

"It's part of the restaurant, Dick," Mrs. Miller replied. "It's not only a good place to come when you're hungry, but it has on its walls lovely paintings of life in Kansas City when it was called Westport Landing."

"And that's nearly a hundred years ago," Jean added.

They led Dick into the softly lighted dining room and showed him the pictures painted by Hildreth Meiere. The sturdy pioneers in the murals showed life of the early days, and made Dick proud that he too lived in that great section called the Southwest. His own grandmother had come west in a covered wagon, and he liked to hear her tell of her early life. He could even imagine she was one of the figures in the murals.

"This dining room is part of a great system of hotels, restaurants, and dining cars, Dick," Mr. Miller told him. "It was started years ago when people who took long train journeys got tired of having to take box lunches with them. A great business was built up along the route. It is known all over the west." Mr. Miller and the children looked longingly at the food being served, but Mrs. Miller reminded them she had a good dinner waiting at home.

"What do you think of our Union Station now, Dick?" Bob asked.

"I think it's wonderful, but it's the biggest building I've ever seen. I've never seen so many trains or tracks as I saw in the yards, either."

"Well, no wonder, Dick. You know there are twelve trunk or main line roads that come into Kansas City. With each of these running several trains a day, it makes one hundred eighty trains passing through these yards daily. Some of them start from Kansas City and some end here." As Mr. Miller spoke, he led the group to the car which was parked near the offices of the express company.

"From where you are now, Dick, can you tell from which direction the train that brought you to

Kansas City came into the station?"

"I'm not sure, but I think from that direction," Dick answered, pointing toward the west.

"You're right, son. See how all the tracks are laid so that trains enter only from the east and west," Mr. Miller continued.

"What happens when they want to turn around, Mr. Miller?"

"Why, they go out to Twenty-ninth Street and Southwest Boulevard where there's a loop built for that purpose. No trains back into the station, as they do in some cities. For this reason Kansas City is called a through terminal."

"Could you tell when we were in the waiting room that we were walking over the train tracks?" Bob asked.

"Well, I'd never guess that," Dick replied. "I was all turned around."

"What's more, you'd never know you're standing over a tunnel now, would you?" Mr. Miller said.

"What tunnel? Where does it go? What is it for?" Jean wanted to know.

"It goes to the Post Office, of course, Jean," Bob answered her. There were times when he felt she

didn't know very much. "The mail from the trains is sent through the tunnel. Then it's sorted in the Post Office before it's delivered in the city."

Mrs. Miller knew by this time that Dick was anxious to see the city, so she suggested that they drive on home.

As they drove off from the Union Station, Dick said to Bob, "You know, I think I'm going to like this town."

"What do you mean 'town'? This is a big city. It's



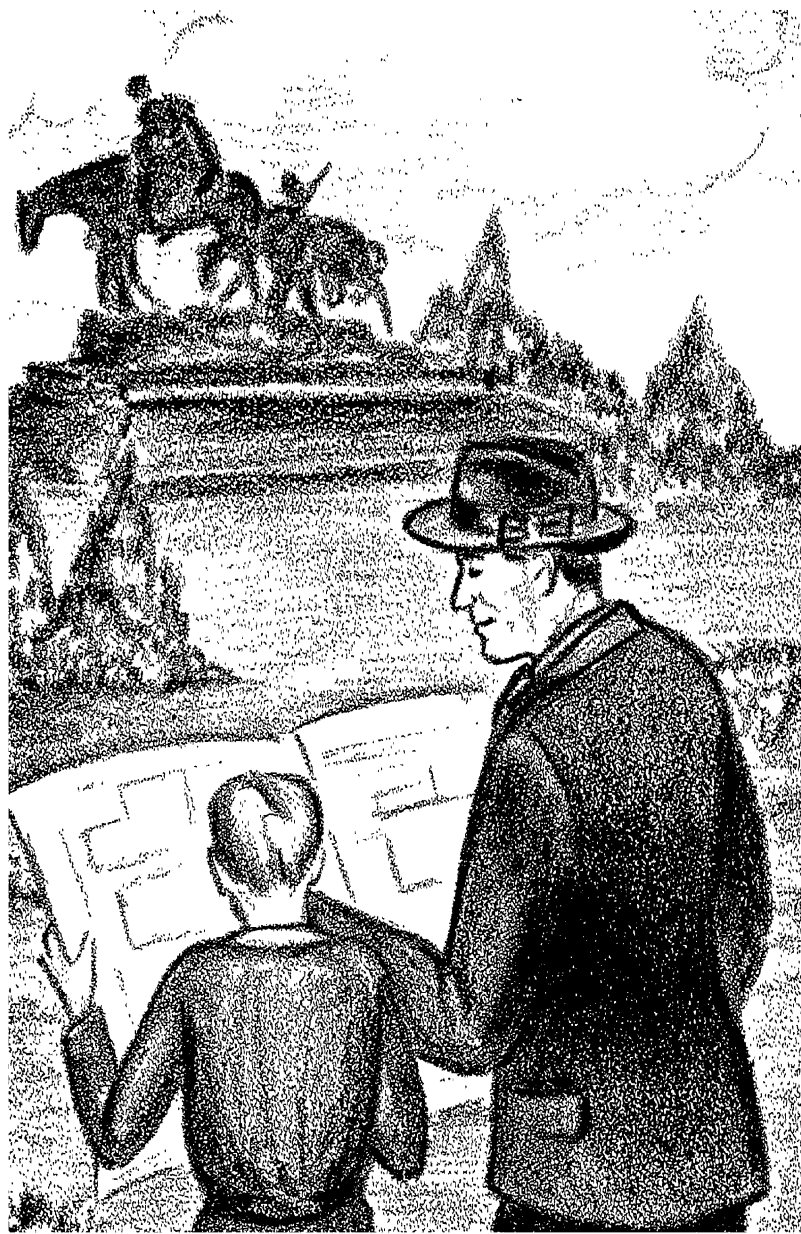
the Heart of America and the Gateway to the West, and—”

“That’s enough, Bob,” Mr. Miller said. “We’ll let Kansas City speak for itself while Dick is here. And there will be much to tell,” he added, as they got in the car to drive home.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

1. The Lobby of the Union Station is large enough to hold 60,000 people.
2. The Lobby is 230 feet long and nearly 100 feet high; the Waiting Room is 450 feet long.
3. The Union Station was completed and dedicated in 1914.
4. There are twelve trunk or main railroad lines leading into or out of Kansas City.
5. There are one hundred eighty trains passing through the yards daily.
6. All train tracks are laid so that trains come in only from east or west.
7. In order to turn around, trains must go to a loop at Twenty-ninth and Southwest Boulevard.

8. These are the railroads which use the Kansas City Terminal:
- a. Atchison, Topeka, and **Santa Fe**
 - b. Missouri Pacific
 - c. Chicago, **Rock Island**, and Pacific
 - d. Chicago, **Burlington**, and Quincy
 - e. Union Pacific
 - f. St. Louis—San Francisco (**Frisco**)
 - g. **Missouri, Kansas, and Texas (Katy)**
 - h. **Chicago and Alton**
 - i. **Wabash**
 - j. **Chicago Great Western**
 - k. **Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul**
 - l. **Kansas City Southern**, Louisiana, and Arkansas
9. There are thirty-two tracks in the Terminal Yards on which trains can come into the Station.
10. Twenty-seven million tons of freight are handled each year by railroads leading to and from Kansas City.



THE DRIVE HOME

Two Famous Statues

Mr. Miller had planned the trip home so that Dick might see some of the parks and boulevards for which Kansas City is so well-known. He had even given him a map of the city and a street guide so he could follow the route for himself.

"You don't have to look at those now, Dick. Maps and guides are Dad's hobbies," warned Bob.

"That's all right, son," Mr. Miller answered. "Studying a map and a street guide is a splendid way to learn about a city. We'll look at ours later, after we've seen Penn Valley Park. From there we get a fine view of the real city before we see the plans on paper."

Dick hardly had time to answer the Millers politely and to catch sight of the Liberty Memorial and the Post Office, when the car turned into Penn Valley Park.

"This is a park that Jean loves," Mrs. Miller said. "We came here often when her third grade class at school was studying about early days in Kansas City. Let's drive up around the Scout and then come back

to the Pioneer Mother so that Dick can see some of the fine statues. With your family's pioneer background, Dick, you should love these, too. Besides, there are fine views of the city from both places."

"That's the statue of the Scout up there," exclaimed Jean, as the car rounded the bend in the drive. "See the Indian on his pony?"

"Gee, he looks like a real one," Dick cried.

Jean smiled as she replied, "He is modeled from a real one. Cyrus Dallin,—he was the sculptor,—chose an Indian from Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show to pose for him. He made a drawing of a Sioux Indian. Later he used it as a model for his statue."

"You know, sometimes I wonder what that Indian is thinking about as he looks out over the valley," said Bob.

"That's what Mr. Dallin wanted you to wonder," said Mr. Miller. "I've read somewhere that he wanted to suggest how the Indian would have felt, if he had seen how his country would change after the coming of the white men. He wanted the statue to be a link between the present and the past."

"How long has the Scout stood there, Dad?" questioned Bob.



The Indian Scout

"You don't need to ask Dad. I know that," Jean cried. "He was bought in 1917 by the people in Kansas City, and he cost \$15,000."

"Let's go now to my favorite," Mrs. Miller said.

"What's the name of your favorite statue?" Dick questioned. "Why do you like it best?"

"It is called the Pioneer Mother, and when you see it you'll know why it's my favorite," she replied. "The statue is beautiful, and it tells a wonderful story."

"If that's the way Mother feels about it, we'd all better take a look," said Mr. Miller as he turned the car east.

Jean was the first out of the car. "Hurry, everybody," she called as she ran toward the base of the statue. "Isn't it lovely? I'd rather see it at sunset than at any other time, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"Yes, Jean," Mrs. Miller replied. "Then the statue seems to come to life."

"It looks mighty big to me," Dick said. "The figures are so much bigger than real people."

"Yes, that's true. It's called a heroic statue because the figures are more than life-size," Mr. Miller told them.

The statue was indeed a beautiful sight, forming a black shadow against the autumn sky. Everything in it seemed to be pushing forward—the tired horses, the old scout, the young father, the brave mother—all strained toward their new home in the West. The artist, A. Phimister Proctor, was able to show



The Pioneer Mother

how tired the horses were by the drooping lines of their bodies. He also showed how much courage the

pioneers had in the strong, set lines of their faces.

Mr. Proctor was very careful to make his models true to life. His own wife, dressed in clothes like those of a pioneer woman, posed for the mother. The side saddle used was one which had been ridden by a pioneer woman making the journey across the plains to Oregon.

"A statue like that must have cost the city a great deal of money," said Dick.

"Oh no, it didn't cost the city anything at all," replied Jean. "It was a gift from a man named Mr. Howard Vanderslice. He gave the statue in memory of his own mother and his wife's mother, also. They were real pioneer women."

"You know, children, our country is very proud of its pioneer women," Mrs. Miller told them.

"Yes, and this statue in memory of them is one of the finest in America," added Mr. Miller.

"What makes it the finest?" Dick asked.

"Because it shows the true pioneer spirit better than other statues," Mrs. Miller replied.

"I like the verse carved on the base," said Jean. "It's from the story of Ruth in the Bible. We learned about it at Sunday School."

Then she read aloud these words cut in the stone:
WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO,
WHERE THOU LODGEST, I WILL LODGE,
THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE
AND THY GOD MY GOD.

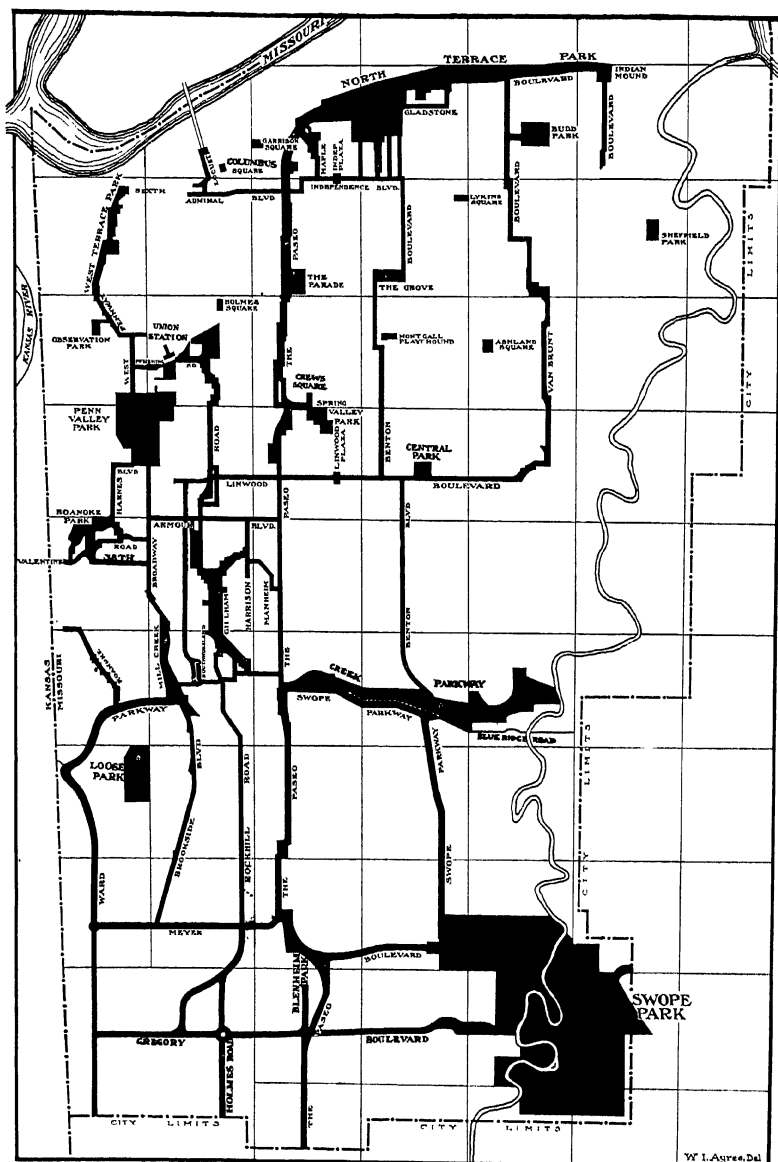
“These two statues stand near one of the most famous roads in the history of our country—the old Santa Fe Trail,” said Mr. Miller.

The Santa Fe Trail was one of the reasons why Kansas City started at the big bend in the Missouri River.

The Boulevard System

“Dick, take a look at the skyline of the city of today before we leave Penn Valley Park. Then maybe you can tell where you are from the map of the city I gave you as we got into the car.”

From the map Dick saw how the net of boulevards connects all the larger parks with each other. He also saw how the entire park system is connected with Swope Park. Dick could see how a complete trip around the city could be made on the boulevards. But even a drive over these could never show all the careful planning and long, hard work it had taken to make them.



Parks and Boulevards of Kansas City

Mr. Miller explained to him that the stretches of smooth pavement, the grassy parkways, and the beautiful shade trees were all part of a city plan begun as long ago as 1893. Before that time, the people of Kansas City were far more interested in shipping cattle, buying grain, and building railroads than in providing a park and boulevard system for their growing city.

During 1893 August R. Meyer, a business man who has been called the "father of our parks," and William Rockhill Nelson, owner and publisher of the Kansas City Star, interested the people in making their city a beautiful place in which to live.

It took careful planning to change ugly bluffs and muddy streets into broad roadways bordered by grass and trees. A Board of Park Commissioners prepared a plan for a park and boulevard system which has grown with time. Today, after about fifty years, it includes one hundred sixteen miles of parkways and boulevards, as well as thirty parks. Mr. George Kessler, the landscape architect for the Park Board, was responsible for much of the beauty seen today.

Bob and Jean grew tired of their father's long

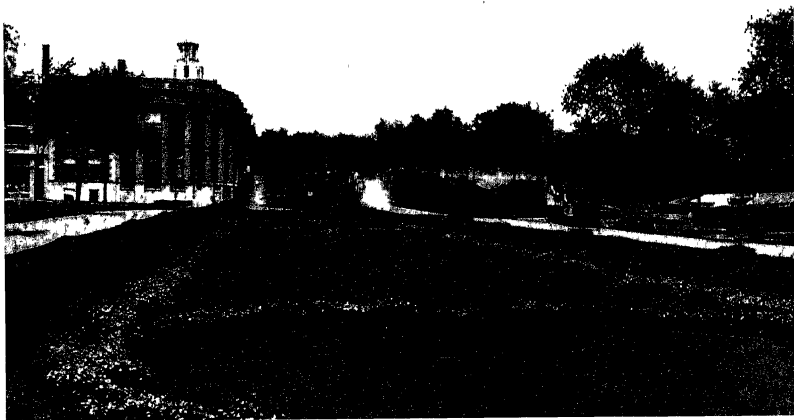
account of the park and boulevard system, and Jean said now, "Hurry up, Dad. Let's go on home."

"Besides, I'm hungry," Bob added.

"And no wonder," Mrs. Miller exclaimed. "It's nearly dinner time and Dick will need to hurry. You know, he has to get back to the American Royal to take care of his calf."

The drive home led along several boulevards—West Pennway, Armour, Gillham Road, Brush Creek, and the Paseo. It went past tall apartment houses and hotels. It led past stately old homes surrounded by large yards. Dick saw some modern two-

The Paseo, looking toward Twelfth Street



family homes called duplexes, and many comfortable bungalows.

As they drove along Gillham Road, they passed Hyde Park. It is one of the smaller parks known for the beauty of its trees and its rocky ledges of limestone.

"Would you believe that there are more than fifty different kinds of trees in this park? I can name a lot of them. Hyde Park is only one block wide and two blocks long," Jean announced.

"Where did you learn so much, Jean?" questioned her father.

"Oh, our Brownie Troop came over here on a picnic and we studied about the trees. I made a leaf collection—I'll show it to you, Dick, if you want me to, when we get home."

"We won't have time for that tonight, Jean. We want to go with Dick after dinner when he gets Peter Mischief settled at the American Royal," said Mrs. Miller.

When the car reached the south end of the park, Bob pointed out the Santa Fe Trail marker near Kansas City Junior College. Across from this building Dick saw Westport High School, named for the

early town of Westport. The college and high school tower above tennis courts and a community ball park. From Thirty-ninth to Forty-seventh Streets Gillham Park stretches along the boulevard, making a central playground for those who live near.

The Millers drove east along Brush Creek Boulevard until they came to the Paseo.

“What’s that big stone building high on the hill?” Dick asked.

Before anyone else could answer, Jean explained, “Oh, that’s Paseo High School. I get library books there, and I’m going to school there some time, too.”

Boys were playing in the parkway between the two lanes of traffic on the Paseo. When the car turned into the side street where the Millers lived, Dick was glad to see in the backyards turning poles, swings, and brick ovens. He was sure he could have a good time in this neighborhood. Already he was beginning to feel at home in Kansas City.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

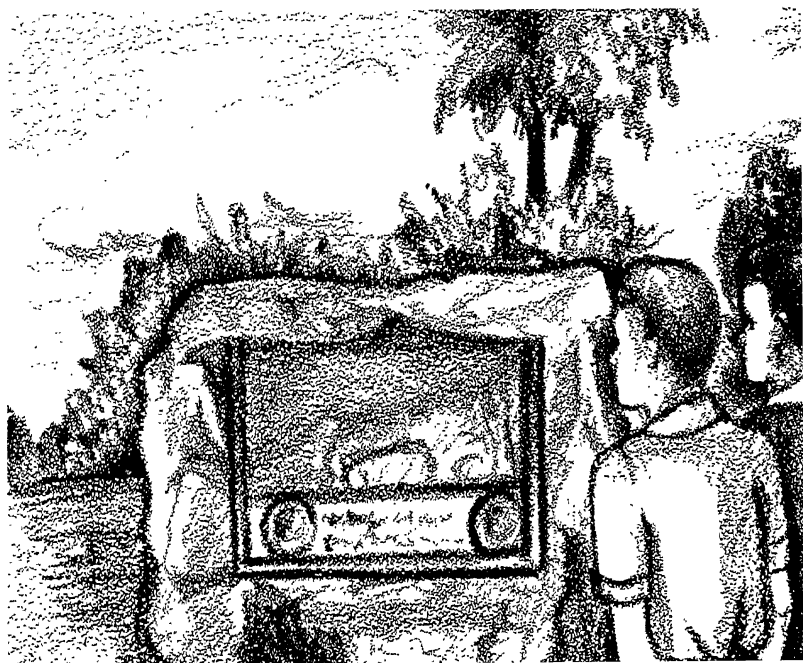
City Planning

As Kansas City grew, use was made of the uneven surface of the ground.

Lower levels along the river were used for railroad tracks, warehouses, and industries doing a great amount of shipping.

Upper levels above the river were used for business sections.

High levels in the east and south parts of the city



were used for homes. The low places in between the hills were often filled with ugly buildings which had to be torn down to make way for parks and drives.

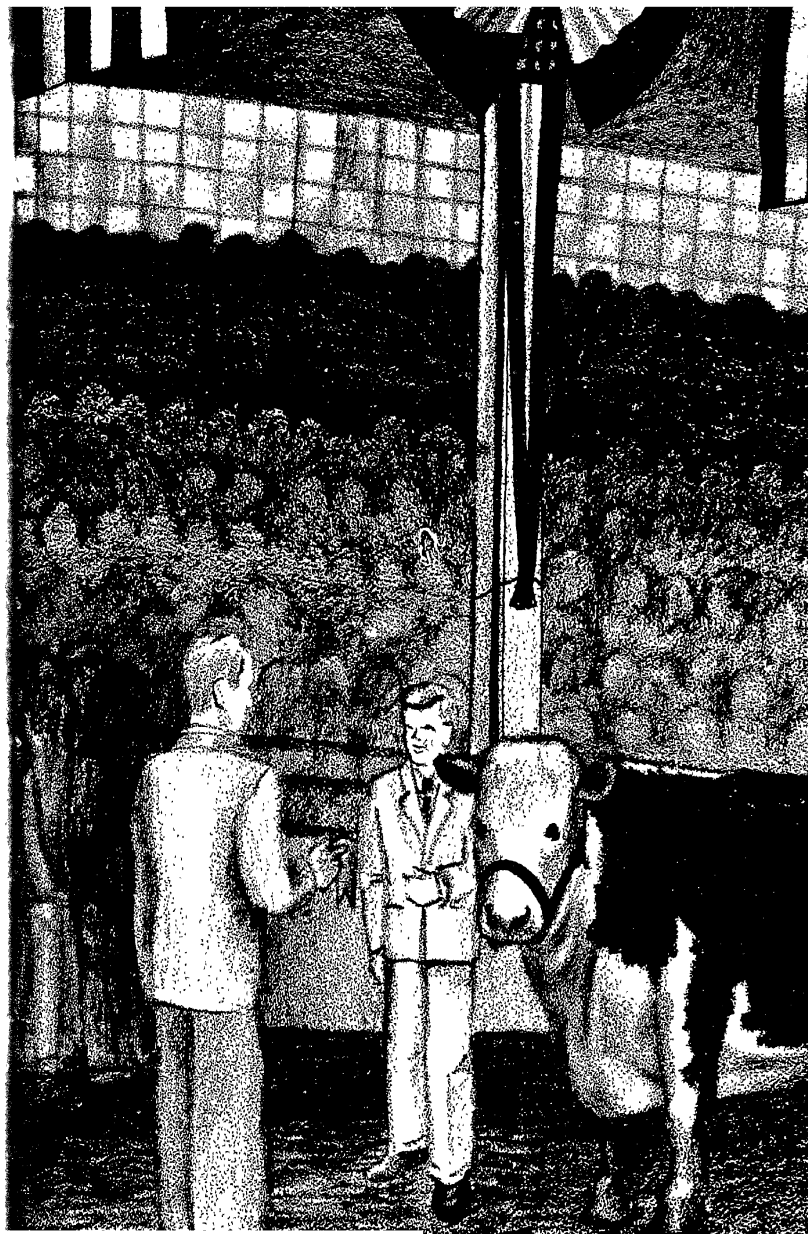
Rocky cliffs and growing trees were used wherever possible in making these parks and boulevards.

City Streets

Kansas City streets have been named according to a plan. Streets running north and south have names. Some of the streets are named after men who worked and planned for Kansas City's future. Some are named for cities and states. Still others are named for presidents, statesmen, and soldiers. Streets running east and west have numbers.

A Statue

Kansas City has placed a statue at Tenth and Paseo in memory of August R. Meyer, "The Father of the Kansas City Park and Boulevard System."



PETER MISCHIEF AND THE AMERICAN ROYAL

Before the Stock Show

Dick and the Miller children were up very early this Saturday morning. Today was different from most Saturdays, for Dick was going to show his calf Peter Mischief at the 4-H Club Boys' and Girls' Live Stock Show and Sale. It was to be held at the American Royal Live Stock Pavilion. After Dick had worked all winter getting Pete ready for this great event, he didn't want to be late. In fact, he wanted to get there early enough to feed and water his calf. He also wanted to give him a last-minute grooming so that he would look his best before the judges.

When Dick's father had given him the calf, he had warned him, "You'll have a long, hard job on your hands, son, if you get this Hereford ready for the Royal and the market. He's full of mischief and will take a lot of care. But if you do your work well, and he brings a good price, it'll be worth it. You'll be well paid for your efforts."

There were times during those long winter months when Dick would gladly have given up his job. Peter

Mischief lived up to his name and took a great deal of patient handling. Cleaning his feed box every day, cracking the ice on the pond so that he could get enough water, weighing his food, and even keeping a chart of his weight—these chores were all hard work. But each day as he did them, Dick kept thinking to himself, "The more care I take of you, Peter Mischief, the nearer you'll come to winning that blue ribbon. And if you get that, somebody will be sure to pay a good price for you. Will that make me happy!"

While Dick was giving his calf a final rub-down, Jean and Bob were exploring the building. It was one which had been carefully planned for both exhibitors and those who attended the stock shows. The present building was completed in 1925 and covers seven and one-half acres of ground. Mr. Miller had told them that it cost \$650,000 and took a whole year to build.

Four groups were interested in the American Royal—the Shorthorn Breeders' Association, the Hereford Breeders' Association, the Kansas City Stockyards Company, and the Chamber of Commerce. They were all pleased with the success of

the stock shows which were held there. The stock shows became some of the best in the country and brought thousands of visitors to the city each fall.

The first show was held many years ago, in 1898, in circus tents. Stock shows were held in tents for the next ten years. Their purpose was to bring stockmen to Kansas City to exhibit their live stock, as well as to make them want to improve their breeds. Through the years the show grew to include live stock exhibits by boys and girls of the 4-H Clubs

Dick with Peter Mischief



and the Future Farmers of America.

As Jean and Bob walked through the building, they saw many stalls filled with straw in which were calves, sheep, and pigs of all ages and sizes. They heard cackling hens and crowing roosters. "What do you like best, Jean?" Bob asked her, as they went from pen to pen.

"Oh, I like the woolly sheep and the funny, fat pigs with their curly tails. Do you think we could raise a little pig in our back yard?"

"Of course not, Jean," said Bob. "You ask the funniest questions. Come on, let's get good seats before they're all taken."

The Ribbon Winner

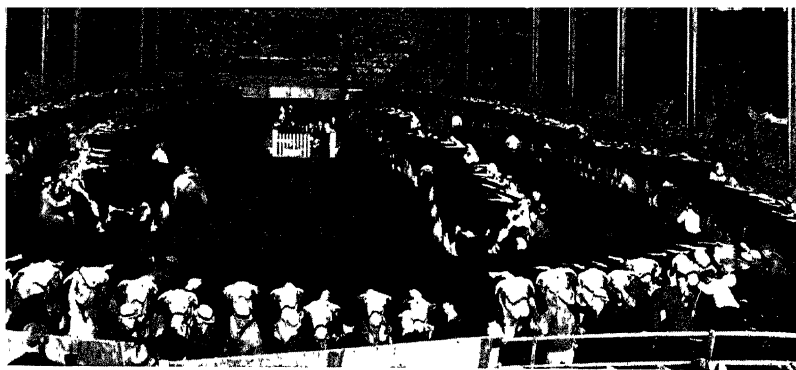
Bob and Jean had just reached their seats in the great arena of the American Royal Pavilion and opened their programs, when Jean exclaimed, "Look, Bob! It tells here about Dick's calf!" She read from her program:

5620 PETER MISCHIEF—AGE—JANUARY 25

SIRE—PRINCE TOBY; DAM—BLUE BONNET

OWNER, DICK NORTON

"Oh, Jean," Bob broke in, "Here comes the Grand Parade. Can you see Dick?"



The American Royal Live Stock Show

“Yes, I can—there he is. See him near the end of the line? Oh, I do hope he gets a prize!”

Bob and Jean watched closely as the line of 4-H boys and girls passed before the judges’ stand. They saw the men inspect the animals carefully. When it came Dick’s turn, they saw the judges step up to Peter Mischief, slap his broad back, and feel his fine hair. Pete didn’t seem to mind, and Dick looked pleased. Maybe Pete was going to get a ribbon.

Dick led his calf in the parade around the tanbark ring again, and Jean could scarcely wait until the winner was announced. Finally the judges called back three Herefords from the ring, and Peter Mischief was one of them.

“Oh, Bob, do you think Pete stands a chance?” asked Jean.

Bob shook his head as he replied, “I don’t know. There are a lot of fine looking calves in the ring. If he can’t get a blue ribbon as first prize, he has nine other chances. It looks as if he might get something though, or the judges wouldn’t have called him back.”

Jean was so excited she began jumping up and down. “I can’t stand it a minute longer. I wish they’d make up their minds!” she cried.

Just then the announcer’s voice came over the loud speaker. The shrill cries of hundreds of children grew still.

“The winner of the first prize ——.” No, it was not Peter Mischief. “The winner of the second prize, ——,” and still it was not Peter Mischief. As the announcer’s voice spoke on, Bob and Jean almost gave up hope. But suddenly they heard—“The winner of the sixth place is Peter Mischief, owned and shown by Dick Norton.”

Jean gave a squeal of delight and grabbed Bob in a bear-hug.

“I knew it, I knew it!” she sang. “He just had to

win something!"

Bob was less noisy, but just as pleased as Jean. "Come on, Sis, let's go down to see what he got."

By the time they reached Pete's stall, they found Dick with his arms around Pete's neck and talking to him. "Nice going, old fellow, I'm proud of you."

"And we're proud of you, too, Dick!" Jean exclaimed. "Let's see your ribbon." He showed her the piece of dark green ribbon with its gold lettering, and then said, "And I got this, too." He held up two new dollar bills.



“That’s great, Dick,” said Bob. “Won’t your folks be proud of you?”

Dick made no reply, but his eyes and his grin told how happy he was.

Saturday at the American Royal had been a great day for them all.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Tanbark Ring

The live stock shown at the American Royal Live-stock Pavilion at 23rd and Wyoming Streets are exhibited in a large ring. It is covered with tanbark made from the crushed bark of trees. After this bark has been used in tanning leather, it is dried. Tanbark is soft for animals to walk upon.

4-H Clubs

4-H Club members may belong to Baby Beef Clubs, Baking Clubs, Canning Clubs, and many others. They go to summer camps and Round-ups, and try to live a well-rounded farm life.

Boys and girls in the 4-H Clubs of America are all trying to learn how to be better farmers and home-makers. When they join these clubs, the members take the following pledge:

I pledge

My **Head** to clearer thinking

My **Heart** to greater loyalty

My **Hands** to larger service and

My **Health** to better living.



A DAY IN THE PARK

Kansas City's Playground

"Hurry up, Bob. We're all in the car waiting for you," cried Jean. "Whatever are you doing?" She did not want her brother to lose a single minute of this Sunday outing at the park.

"Oh, I'll be there—don't get in such a hurry," Bob answered. "You can't take Ginger to the park without a collar." As he spoke, Bob snapped the dog's collar in place. He gathered his Scottie into his arms, leash and all, and hurried out to the car.

With the barks of the dog and the laughter of the children, the Millers drove off. After Mr. Miller turned the car at the Paseo, he followed Meyer Boulevard to Swope Park.

"Dick," he said as they drove along, "do you remember my telling you about August Meyer, the 'father of Kansas City's park system'? This parkway was named after him. Since it has been landscaped, we think it is one of the most beautiful boulevards in the city."

"And I like it because it takes us right into Swope Park," Jean broke in.



The entrance to Swope Park

There ahead of the car were the tall columns marking the entrance to the park. Beyond them stood the shelter house built of native stone. Mr. Miller stopped the car at the flagpole on the east side of the building.

"Let's get out here and give Dick a real view of the park," Mrs. Miller said. "It's too bad you didn't see it earlier in the year, Dick. In summer the lovely gardens are in bloom."

From where they stood, Dick could see the broad sweep of grass-covered hills sloping toward the valley of the Blue River in the distance. Patches of meadow were dotted with clumps of red haws heavy with berries. Far beyond were tree-covered hills of scarlet, orange, and gold.



The Swope Monument

A single square of white broke through the autumn beauty of the hillside. Dick wanted to know what it was and Mr. Miller told him, "That is a monument to Colonel Thomas H. Swope. He gave all this land to the people of Kansas City to use for a park."

In 1896 Colonel Swope gave 1,334 acres of wooded land to the city. At the time of the gift, some people thought they would have little use for a park so far away. They knew the trip would be a whole day's journey, for the park was eight miles out from the Post Office at 9th Street and Grand Avenue. Steam cars, carriages, and horses were the only kinds of

transportation. But in spite of this fact, 18,000 people found a way to get to the park on the day it was presented to the city.

As the years passed, the park became so popular for family outings that a street car line leading to it was built in 1905. Today Swope Park is visited by more than a million persons each year. It is the second largest city park in the United States.

Half of Swope Park remains a woodland, while the rest has been made into a playground for the entire city. There are bridle paths and tennis courts. There are swings and teeters. There are ball diamonds, and croquet and horseshoe courts. Swimming and wading pools, golf courses, a zoo, picnic ovens and tables, a lagoon, a lake, and an outdoor theater give pleasure to all.

To add more beauty to the natural setting of all the city parks, eight greenhouses and a nursery in Swope Park grow thousands of plants used each year.

A great deal of money is needed to keep the park in good condition. Much of this money comes from fees paid for city auto licenses, part of which is spent for boulevards and part for parks and playgrounds.

Dick was interested to learn these facts about the park, but he was glad when Mrs. Miller called them all together for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Miller cooked hamburgers over a roaring blaze in the picnic oven just the way the children liked them. It was fun to watch the round patties turn a rich brown, and the onions curl as they were fried in the deep fat. The odor of baked beans and wood smoke increased their appetites. They ate at the second shelter house. Near there, each found something he wished to do. Jean hunted for pretty fall leaves, and romped with Ginger. Bob tried to beat Dick at a game of horse-shoes. But all the while Jean was reminding them that they must hurry to visit the zoo.

The Zoo

“My mother gave me fifteen cents to see the elephant jump the fence, —” began Jean as she tossed peanuts to the elephants.

“He jumped so high he reached the sky, and never came down till the Fourth of July —” chimed in Dick. “You see! I know that one too. It’s fun to watch these old elephants, isn’t it?”

“Oh yes, — and isn’t it queer that as big as they are, they have such tiny shoe-button eyes?” Jean

*A dancing
elephant
entertains*



asked Dick.

“Well, what about their noses that forgot to stop growing? Aren’t they funny?” Bob demanded.

The children laughed at the way Bob described the elephants’ trunks.

Then Mr. Miller showed Dick the murals or wall paintings behind the elephants. “That’s a new idea in zoo planning,” he said. “The artist has tried to give a forest background to the elephants.”

The murals showed the trees and tangled vines of



*The King
of Beasts*

the jungle where the elephants had once lived. Even monkeys were pictured on the walls to make the jungle seem more real.

Today the zoo is very different from what it was in 1909, the year it started. That year a circus was wintering at Dodson. The Kansas City Park Board bought from it three lions, some monkeys, and a bear to start a zoo in Swope Park. From this small beginning has grown the present zoo with its sixty kinds of animals and fifty kinds of birds.

The Millers saw many interesting sights in the large stone building. Animal and bird cages were built around the pools in the center. Bob and Dick

*Meal time
for a
monkey*



laughed at the seals as they played tag in the water. They were amazed at the size of Cleo, the hippopotamus, a bored neighbor in the next pool.

“Dick,” explained Mr. Miller, “the monkeys live in a different home down by the bear pits. It is called Monkey Island and there the monkeys can swing from tree to tree. They are more fun to watch now when they are not caged.”

It was hard to hear what Mr. Miller was saying

above the cries of the parakeets and roars of the lions. Even Jean's loud calls had to be followed by a few tugs on Dick's coat as she led him toward the tiger's den. The children stood for a long time watching the fierce animal pacing back and forth in his cage. Dick admired the tiger's grace as he paced the floor.

Soon one of the zoo attendants, or animal keepers, came into the building, pushing before him a cart loaded with hunks of raw meat. He unlocked the door of the puma's cage, tossed in some of the meat, and said to Mr. Miller as he closed the door, "It takes a lot of horse meat to feed these animals, mister. There's nothing the matter with their appetites, is there?"

"Not that I can see," Mr. Miller replied, laughing. "What else do you feed them?"

"Well, some of their food, such as lettuce, potatoes, cabbage, peas, carrots, and corn we grow in our own gardens. Some we have to buy from a feed house or a farmer — food like hay, oats, barley, wheat, soy bean oil, meal, apples, and eggs. Besides, we feed the animals oranges and cod liver oil."

"Why, they have a well planned diet!" Mrs. Miller

exclaimed. "No wonder they all seem so healthy."

"They're healthy not only because of the food they eat, but also because we keep them so clean," answered the attendant. Then turning to the children, he asked, "Do you know that once a week almost all the animals in the zoo get a bath?"

Then he explained to the children that the keepers put on hip boots for the weekly scrubbing. They carry spray guns, soap, and brushes to the cages with them. They use the spray guns to shoot soap over the lions, tigers, and leopards. They even brush and file the animals' toe nails.

"At bath time," the attendant continued, "Cleo becomes the star performer of the zoo. She is always scrubbed with a long brush. Even her giant teeth are brushed. When she is lathered with pink soap, she looks almost like a huge hot dog."

After talking with the keeper, the Millers took Dick outside to show him the rest of the zoo. They showed him the buffalo, the deer, and the camels. They told him about the plans for keeping the animals in their natural setting behind moats. They explained that it would be impossible for animals to cross these deep wide ditches filled with water. They

took him to see the candy-striped zebras, the shaggy mountain sheep, woolly llamas, and leaping kangaroos. Proud peafowls and long-legged ostriches groomed themselves in the October sun.

On the way to the bear pits, the Millers had to take time to look at the ring-tailed raccoons with their black masks covering their eyes. Jean said they looked as if they were ready for Hallowe'en.

They made their way through the crowd in front of the bear pits. The bears amused the people with their funny tricks. They begged popcorn and peanuts from those who came to see them. Now and then one bear would become bored with the crowd and go back to the rocks to rest. Jean loved to watch the bears. At each new trick she danced up and down with delight. "Oh, aren't bears the cutest things!" she exclaimed. "I like all the animals in the zoo, but bears are my favorites."

The Lagoon and the Lake of the Woods

"Now that we've had our dinner and seen the zoo, let's drive around the rest of the park," suggested Mr. Miller. "Maybe Dick would like to see the lagoon and the swimming pool."

Mr. Miller gathered Ginger up and put her into the

back seat of the car. The family, tired from the tramp around the zoo, were glad to follow.

The Millers started toward the Lake of the Woods. They drove past scarlet maples and golden elms. They saw squirrels scampering through the leaves in their search for nuts. The smell of smoke from wood fires filled the air, giving a real fall touch to the bright October afternoon.

At the bend in the road, the Millers showed Dick the station for the park rangers. Built of native stone, it seemed almost a part of the tree-covered cliffs behind it. From this station the rangers, mounted on horseback, guard the park as they follow its trails.

Nearby, stately oaks pointed to the sky, their dark red leaves forming a setting for the Lake of the Woods. In the sun's rays it sparkled brightly.

Beyond the lake, the Millers came upon the lagoon. Years ago it had been formed by cutting off a horseshoe bend of the Big Blue River. Today a motor boat carries loads of happy children around the lagoon on holiday outings, while bright-colored canoes glide slowly through its waters.

"Oh, there's the swimming pool," Jean cried as it

came into view. "Let's park the car and walk around it."

"You aren't thinking of going swimming, are you, Jeanie?" Mr. Miller chuckled at his own joke.

"I'd go if I could turn on the water," Jean answered. "I guess I'll just have to wait till next summer."

"Well, let's not wait till then to show Dick the pool," Bob broke in. "Come on, let's go."

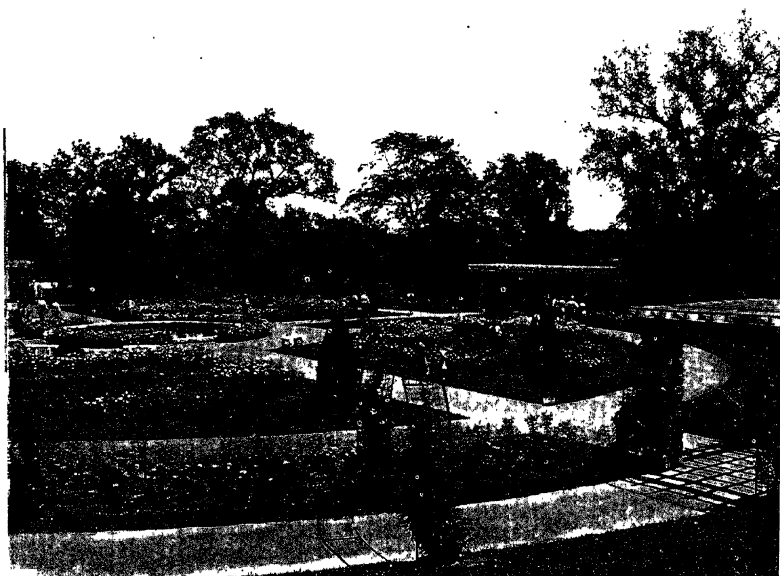
The three children raced ahead to the swimming pool. They peered through the wire fence surrounding it. Instead of seeing one pool, Dick was surprised to find three. Bob explained to him that one was for diving, one for wading, and one for swimming. He also told Dick that two thousand people could swim

there at one time and that the water in the pools is changed every eight hours. Dick thought it was the finest pool he had ever seen and hoped that some day he could come back to take a swim in it.

"You're lucky to have such a park in Kansas City, do you know it?" said Dick as they returned to the car. "I think Swope Park is great. No wonder Jean could hardly wait to get there," he sighed as the Millers headed for home.

"Yes, it is a wonderful playground," Mrs. Miller said. "But while Swope Park is the largest one in the city, there are many other parks and playgrounds. I wish we could show them all to you, but there won't be time on this visit. We'll leave something to show you on your next trip, Dick," she said, giving him a friendly smile.

Mrs. Miller was thinking of beautiful Loose Park with its famous rose garden and its popular duck pond. The park was the gift of Mrs. Jacob L. Loose in memory of her husband. Mrs. Miller was thinking, too, of the Grove with its lovely flower beds and large swimming pool. She also thought of the pool on Ward Parkway, where tiny sail boats race across the water as their owners cheer them on. Penn Val-



The Rose Garden in Loose Park

ley, Spring Valley, Budd Park, Roanoke Park, Mulkey Square, Garrison Square, North Terrace Park, and West Terrace Park—all these came to her mind as she thought of the part they play in the life of the city.

“Kansas City’s parks and playgrounds are wonderful recreation spots,” Mrs. Miller said to her tired family as they turned into the drive at home. “They give us a very good reason to be glad we live here.”

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Kinds of Animals at the Zoo

Chimpanzee

Baboon

Monkey (twelve kinds)

Lion

Tiger

Leopard

Hyena

Agouti

Crested Porcupine

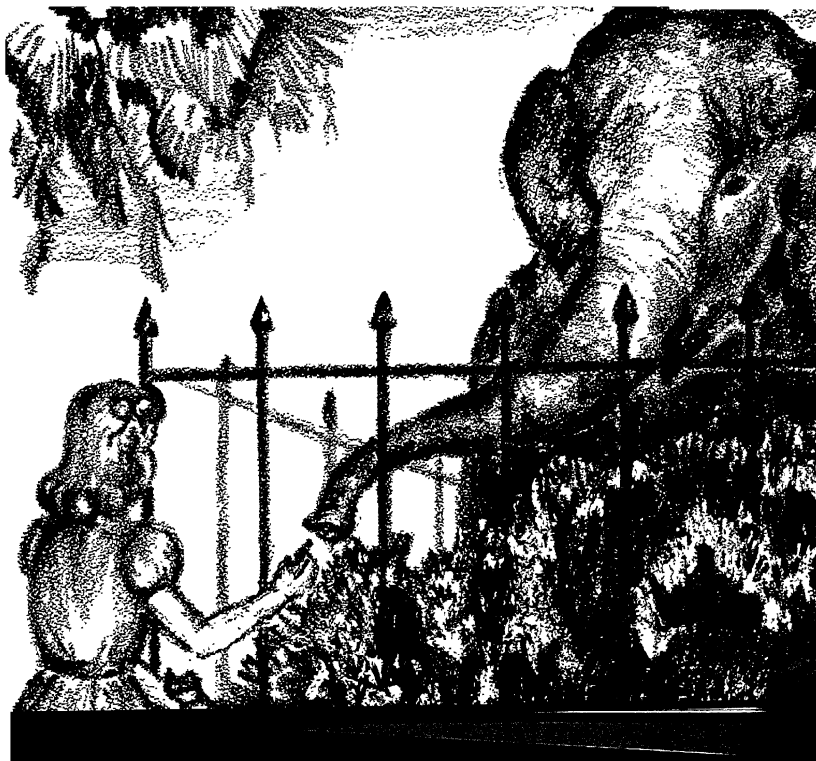
Elephant

Eland

Waterbuck

Mouflon

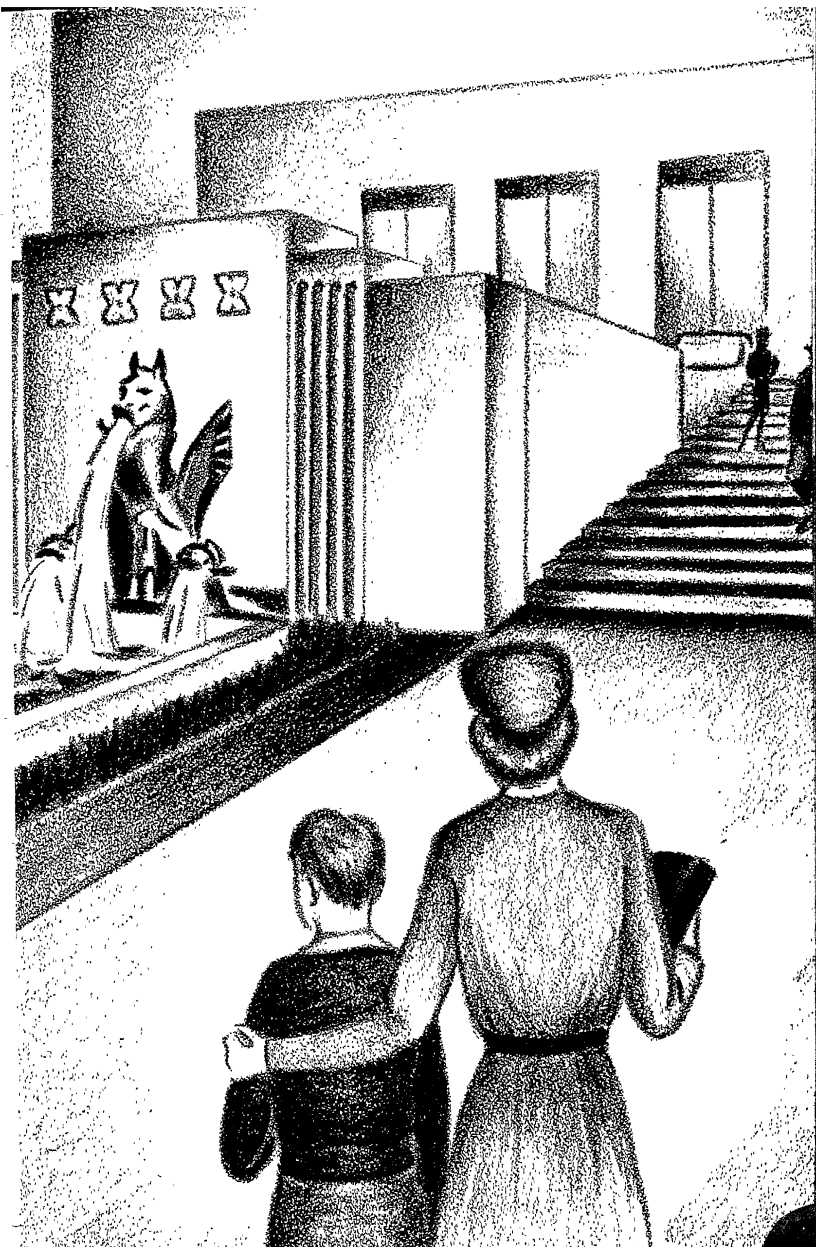
Deer (six kinds)



Puma	Sheep
Bear (five kinds)	Camel
Coati-Mundi	Guanaco
Kinkajou	Llama
Eskimo Dog	Yak
Raccoon	American Bison
Wallaby	Texas Long Horn
Kangaroo	Aoudad
Sea Lion	Hippopotamus
Sloth	Zebra

Kinds of Birds at the Zoo

Ostrich	Eagle
Cassowary	Pheasant (eight kinds)
Emu	Peafowl (four kinds)
Stork	Crane (three kinds)
Adjutant	Pigeon (ten kinds)
Swan (two kinds)	Parakeet
Duck (twelve kinds)	Cockateel
Widgeon	Horned Owl
Spoonbill	Toucan
Goose (eight kinds)	Bunting



DICK SEES THE HEART OF THE CITY

The Post Office

Monday morning Bob and Jean had a hard time making themselves leave for school. They were worried for fear that their mother would not show Dick all of the important buildings downtown. The children kept thinking of places they were afraid she would miss, since they could not go along.

"Be sure to show Dick the Post Office, the City Hall, and the Court House," Bob told his mother as he gathered up his books.

"And don't forget to show him the statue of Andrew Jackson," Jean warned. "I like statues. They make our city beautiful. Mother, don't you think Dick should see statues as well as buildings?"

"Certainly, dear," Mrs. Miller replied as she handed Jean her coat. "We'll see the statue when we visit the Court House. But you and Bob better hurry or you'll be late."

As the children ran down the front steps on their way to school, Dick finished writing a letter to his parents. He told them that Peter Mischief had won a ribbon, and that he had been sold for a good price.

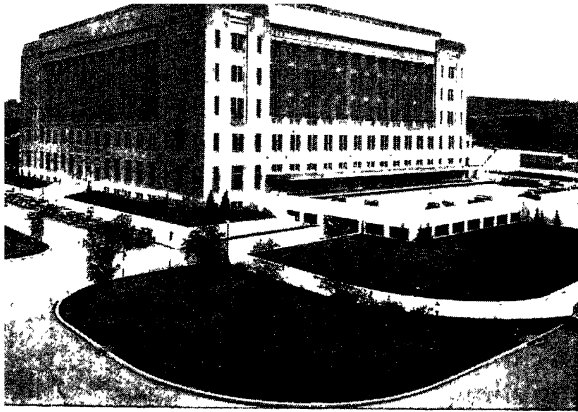
It was an important letter.

"We'll stop at the Post Office to mail your letter, Dick," Mrs. Miller told him. "If we mail it there, your family will get it by tomorrow. Besides, you will enjoy seeing the Post Office. I'll soon be ready to leave."

Busy moments were spent putting the house in order and finding Dick's lost cap so that he and Mrs. Miller could start. On the way downtown they parked the car in front of the Post Office.

"You know, Dick, this is one of the busiest post offices in this part of the country," Mrs. Miller told him. "That's why Bob wanted you to be sure to see it."

Dick looked about him at the large limestone building. He could see that it must have cost a great deal of money. Even though the Post Office did cost the government nearly \$4,000,000, the building was needed to handle the large amount of mail. Hundreds of tons of letters and packages pass over eight conveyor belts every hour. These come through a tunnel leading from the mail cars at the Union Station to the basement of the Post Office and carry the mail to the upper floors.



*The General
Post Office
opposite the
Union Station*

Several floors are needed to handle the in-coming and out-going mail. Ninety-five moving belts within the Post Office carry packages and mail sacks filled with letters to departments on different floors. Then the mail is sorted. On the floor for handling Kansas City mail, each section of the city has its own box into which letters are thrown by many postal employees. Then trucks and carriers deliver the mail throughout the city.

On another floor out-going mail is sacked for delivery to the trains, where it is sorted by railway mail clerks. Every letter dropped into a mail box becomes the property of the United States government until it is delivered, and is handled with the greatest care.

As Dick entered the lobby to mail his letter, he saw the departments of postal savings, money orders, registered mail, general delivery, and stamps. The clerk at the stamp window told him about the offices and workrooms on the other floors. He also told him that some of the workers went about the huge building on roller skates. Dick laughed at this, but he could see that it would save time.

"This building's a lot different from our Post Office at home," he said, as he dropped his letter into the chute and watched it travel upward on the belt.

"But just remember, Dick, this Post Office was not always what it is today. There was a time when Kansas City's Post Office was just a drawer in the desk of the postmaster," replied Mrs. Miller.

"There is another story," Mrs. Miller continued, "about a postmaster of early days who carried the mail in his hat when he wanted to go fishing. Those days seem far, far away when we look at this modern Post Office, don't they, Dick?"

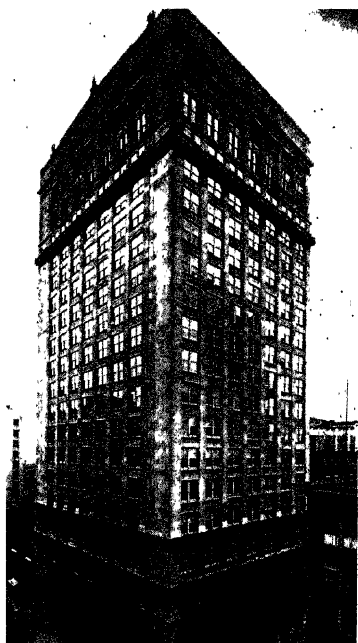
"Yes, and Pony Express riders and stagecoach drivers seem far away too. I guess they never dreamed what kind of mail service we'd have today," Dick answered.

“And yet they helped to make it,” Mrs. Miller said. “Their brave deeds are written into the story of the mails just as much as the work of those who handle our letters today.”

The Federal Reserve Bank

The next place Dick and Mrs. Miller visited was the Federal Reserve Bank Building at the corner of Tenth Street and Grand Avenue. Mrs. Miller wanted Dick to see where much of the banking business of the city is handled.

The piece of ground where the bank stands played an important part in the history of the city. In 1834



*The Federal
Reserve Bank*

one of the early settlers bought the land for a very small sum of money. A few years later the same land was sold for ten dollars an acre. This would make the cost of the ground used for the bank building about four dollars and fifty cents at that time. In 1918, when the land was bought for the bank building, it cost one-half million dollars.

In early days there was a clay bluff here which rose thirty feet above Grand Avenue. A wooden stairway led from the street to the house on top of the bluff. This house was a gathering place for the people of the community. Now the house is gone, the clay bluff has disappeared, and in its place stands the twenty-one story Federal Reserve Bank Building.

The outside of this building is decorated with giant columns and two art panels. The first floor of the building seems more like the entrance to an art gallery than part of a bank. The ceiling is three stories high. Above the first floor are business offices. There are only twelve Federal Reserve Banks in the United States. These banks deal with other banks and not with private citizens.

Every bank must have a strong burglar-proof vault. The vault of the Federal Reserve Bank is

placed below the ground. The walls around it are six and one-half feet thick, and are strengthened by enough steel to build a railroad track from the bank to Independence, Missouri.

The vault is protected by a door that weighs many, many tons. It is needed to guard the money, bonds, and notes which are stored there. Even though this door is heavy, it is so evenly balanced that a ten-year-old child can easily swing it open. The Federal Reserve Bank of the Tenth District acts as a large magnet, drawing in the business of the Middle West.

The Jackson County Court House

"What about that statue Jean wanted us to see?" Dick asked Mrs. Miller after lunch. "Where is it?"

"You mean the statue of Andrew Jackson, Dick? It's in front of the County Court House. Our county was named for him. He was the President when the early settlers chose Independence as our county seat," Mrs. Miller answered.

"Then are we going to Independence to see the statue?" questioned Dick.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Miller replied. "Independence is still the county seat of Jackson County, but Kansas City became so much larger than Independence that it

*The statue of
Andrew Jackson
in front of the
Court House*



seemed better to take care of most of the needs of the people right here. Another court house was built in Kansas City as the city grew.”

After Dick and Mrs. Miller crossed Oak Street at Twelfth, they stopped to look at the statue of Andrew Jackson. The figure is that of a soldier seated on his horse, for Jackson was a general before

he was a president. He holds a telescope in his free hand. Charles L. Keck, the sculptor, shows him as he might have looked, leading his troops in battle. Andrew Jackson was a brave man and is a suitable one to represent the county that bears his name.

In back of the statue rises the twenty-two story Court House. It is a huge fireproof storehouse holding the records of every citizen in the city. Signatures of voters, birth certificates, marriage licenses, records of divorces, records of taxes, and lists of the men who have served on juries—all these are filed away within the Court House walls. They have been kept since the county was formed in 1828. These records are an important part of the history of the city.

“Do they need twenty-two stories of a skyscraper just to keep records?” Dick asked, as he and Mrs. Miller went inside the building.

“Not quite,” Mrs. Miller smiled as she answered. “Besides the records, there are many courtrooms where cases are tried. A jail occupies the three top floors.”

“It takes a lot of buildings nowadays for a government, doesn’t it?” said Dick, as he followed Mrs.

Miller outside the Court House.

"Yes, but there's still another important one on our list," she answered. "Remember, Dick, when we see where government business is carried on, we understand better what democracy means and how it works."

The City Hall

Bob knew that Dick could get the best view of Kansas City from the City Hall. He had planned to go there after school with his mother and Dick. For five minutes Bob had watched the crowds pass through the huge revolving doors before he saw his mother and Dick coming toward him.

"Where have you been, anyway? I thought you'd never get here," he said.

"You'll never guess! What I don't know about Kansas City now! I could take you through the Federal Reserve Bank, the Post Office, or the Court House and never get lost!" Dick grinned at Mrs. Miller as he spoke.

"You can see those from the top floor of this building," Bob answered him. "Just wait till you get the view from the roof! Come on, let's take the elevator."

Bob led the way to one of the six heavy bronze elevator doors. Dick was so interested in watching the signal system of lights above the doors that he was surprised when the elevator opened. Mrs. Miller led the boys inside.

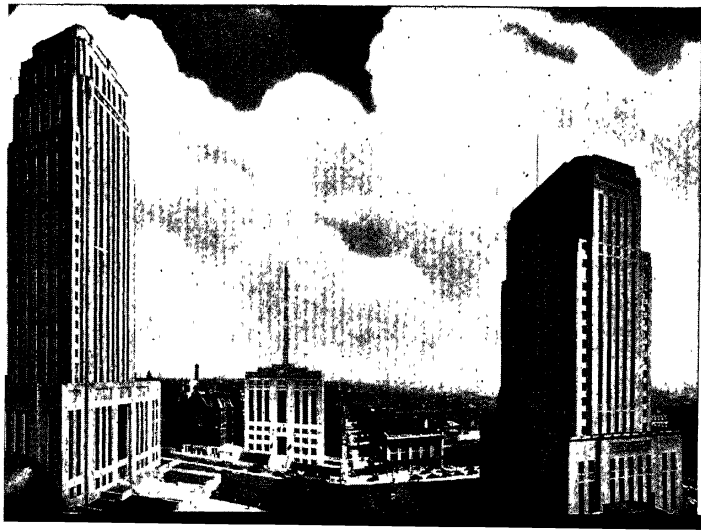
"Dick, be sure to swallow often while we're going up. Then your ears won't ring. We go up twenty-nine stories, you know," she warned him.

And Bob added, "We're traveling eight hundred feet a minute. At that rate, we'll be up there in thirty seconds."

"Whew!" Dick whistled. The other people in the elevator smiled, knowing that they would not go that fast. Stops at several floors would break the speed.

After the first stop at the twelfth floor, Dick

Kansas City's Civic Center



wished they were already at the top. After the second stop at the twenty-fifth, he wished he were back home in Kansas. But the view he saw through the windows when he got off at the twenty-ninth floor was worth the breath-taking trip.

"This is great. I'm glad we came!" Dick exclaimed.

"It's even better on the top of the roof. Let's go on up where we can see the whole city," Bob said, as he led the way to the stairs.

As Mrs. Miller and the boys stepped out onto the roof, a strong gust of wind nearly swept them off their feet.

"This wind whips us about as much as it does the flag," Mrs. Miller said. She pointed to the tall flag-pole on top of the building as it swayed with the wind.

"Take a good look at that pole, Dick," Bob said. "It's eighty feet tall and its tip is the highest point in Kansas City."

Dick was busy trying to see everything at once. But the longer he looked, the better he could locate the city's landmarks. He saw the broad sweep of the Kaw and the Missouri Rivers as they came together. He saw factories and smokestacks. He saw flour

mills and oil tanks. He saw the silver wings of an airplane, heading toward the Airport. He liked the way the plane's wings sparkled in the sunset against the October sky.

Bob pointed out to Dick many of the office buildings he had passed earlier in the day. There was the

An aerial view of downtown Kansas City



Power and Light Building, the city's tallest, which shines like a jewel at night. There were the twin towers of the Fidelity Building, looking almost like a fortress of old. There was the Telephone Building, with its underground cables and buzzing switchboards bringing in the voices of the world. There below to the west were the store buildings filled with busy shoppers. People along the streets looked like dwarfs as they hurried from place to place. It was no wonder, for they were over four hundred feet below the roof of the City Hall.

To the south Dick saw the Union Station and the Liberty Memorial. When he looked through the telescope on the roof, he even saw Swope Park.

"My, but Kansas City is a big city!" he exclaimed. "It covers a lot of ground."

"Indeed it does, Dick. And many thousands of people live here. It takes careful planning to govern such a city, too. Would you like to see where its laws are made?" Since Dick seemed interested, Mrs. Miller started toward the steps.

On the way down to the Council Chamber, they passed the offices of the mayor and the city manager on the twenty-ninth floor. When they reached the

twenty-sixth floor, they entered the large room where the city council meets each Monday night. This was the most beautiful room in the building.

The boys counted the eight desks, one for each of the city councilmen and another for the city manager. These were placed in a half-circle below the mayor's desk and were enclosed by a railing. Many seats for the public were in front of this railing. There was also a balcony to take care of a very large crowd.

Bob brought Dick over to the railing so that he could read from a bronze tablet placed on the wall above the mayor's desk.

"IN THESE YEARS, A.D. 1936 AND 1937, A CENTURY AFTER ITS FOUNDING, THE PEOPLE OF THIS KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, . . . HAVE BUILT THIS CITY HALL . . . LET HONOR, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE RULE WITHIN THESE WALLS."

" 'A century after its founding'—does that mean that Kansas City is a hundred years old?" Dick questioned.

"Yes, but it wasn't called Kansas City then, boys," Mrs. Miller answered. "The beginning of our city was a steamboat landing on the river. During those

days the 'City Fathers' didn't have a beautiful City Hall."

"No," broke in Bob. "They met in different buildings along the river front. They didn't have a City Hall until 1857, and then the one they built was used for eighty years. It stood on the public square at Fourth and Main Streets."

"That old building was very different, boys, from this modern one. If we look at the outside of this new building, we can really understand the progress Kansas City has made," Mrs. Miller told them. "Let's take the elevator down now. From the outside we can get a better view of the building."

It is strange to think that at one time all the city's business was done in a second-floor room along the river. Today we need a skyscraper to house all the city offices. To build this skyscraper took almost two years and five million dollars. The building is made of Indiana limestone. Strong and well built, it weighs thousands of tons. It gets its heat through a tunnel from the Power and Light plant. It is strange to think that the height of a building changes with the outside temperature, yet on hot days the City Hall is three and one-fourth inches higher than on a very

cold day in winter.

Around the building, at the sixth floor level, are beautiful panels. They tell the story in stone of the city's growth. Each panel shows a chapter in the town's beginning.

On the east wall is carved the story of the coming of the white man to this part of the country. A French explorer, Sieur de Bourgmond, is pictured offering beads to the Indians. He charted the Missouri River up to the mouth of the Platte River about 1720, when this part of our country belonged to France. Another panel shows Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, explorers, sent west in 1803 by President Jefferson. This was after the United States had made the Louisiana Purchase from France. The men are pictured at Clark's Point above the Missouri, looking toward the future city.

Still another panel honors the United States soldiers and scouts who later came through Kansas City on their way into the West. Zebulon Pike, John C. Fremont, Kit Carson, and Jim Bridger were some of these.

On the west wall is pictured the story of the early towns of Independence and Westport which were

here before Kansas City started. A trapper, an ox driver, a wheelwright, an Indian, a pioneer family—all are shown playing their parts in the early settlement of this community.

The north wall tells the story of trade and transportation in Kansas City. There are steamboats and Santa Fe traders. There are a farmer plowing the soil and a cattleman roping a steer. There is a locomotive of early days.

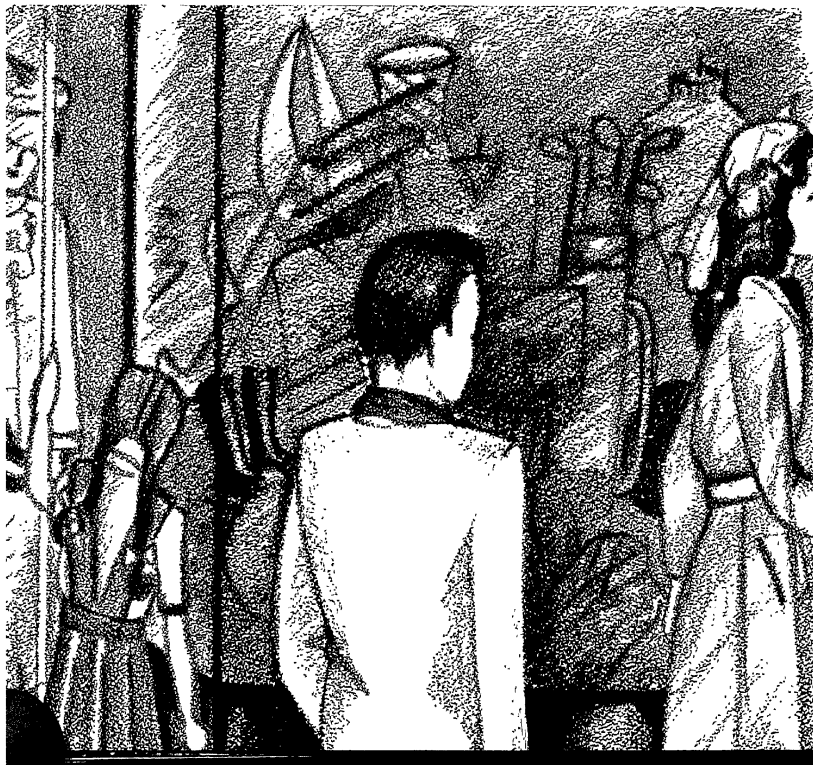
The front or south side of the building shows a figure which stands for Kansas City. She holds in her hands the key to the city and a sheaf of grain. At her feet are fruits and vegetables and a young calf from the farm lands around the city. Beside her are Education, Law, Faith, and Public Spirit. These figures form a beautiful panel, standing for a beautiful city.

“Any city that tells such a wonderful story is one of which we may be very proud,” Mrs. Miller told the boys.

As they all started down the steps leading from the City Hall out to the plaza in front of it, Dick asked, “Do those bronze figures mean anything in the history of Kansas City? What are they?”

Bob grinned as he answered, "It's no wonder you ask, after all the facts we've given you today. But I don't think the fountains have any special meaning—they're just sea horses used for decoration."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad I've seen them," Dick said. "I'm glad I've seen the City Hall and the view from it, too. When you brought me here, you really gave me the key to Kansas City."





The Federal Courts Building

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

The Post Office

There have been three United States post offices built in Kansas City. The first, begun in 1879, was located at Ninth and Walnut Streets. The “Old Town Clock,” now in the towers of the Fidelity Building, was bought for this early day post office.

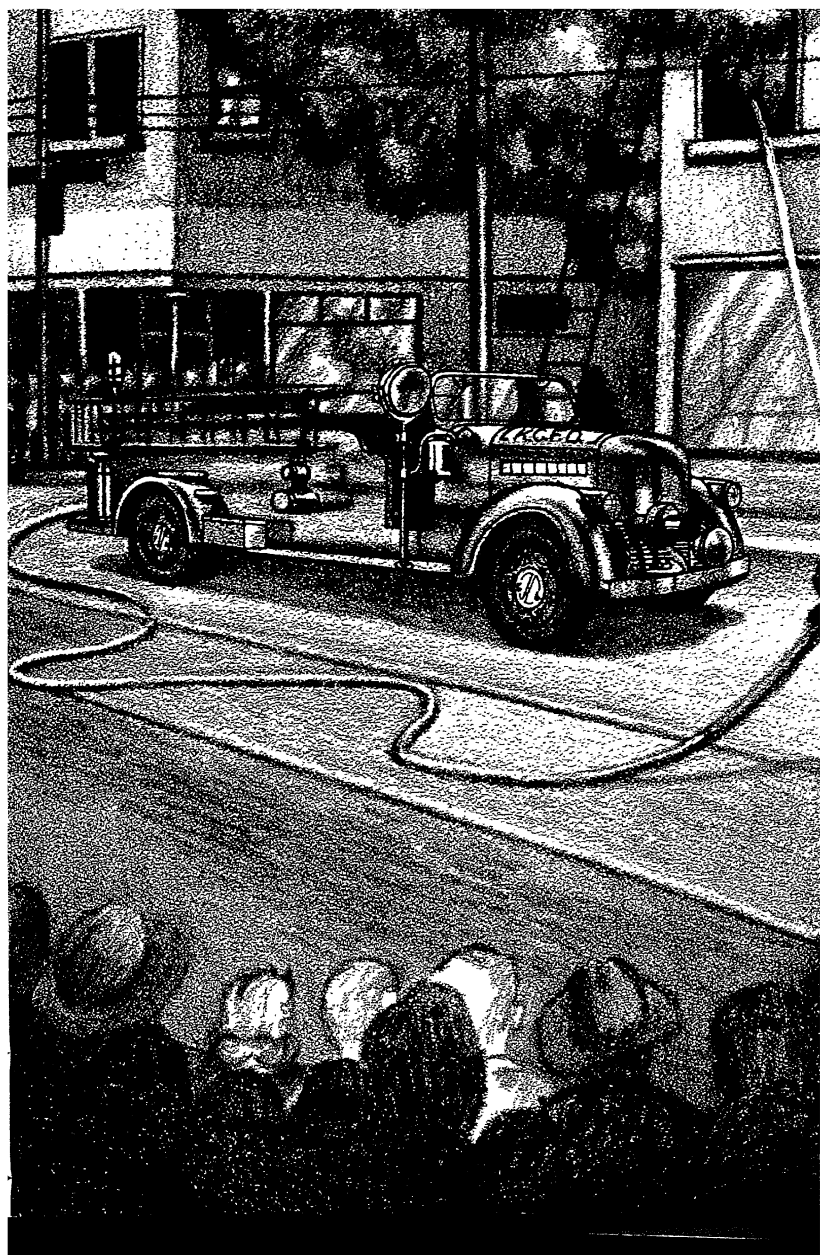
The second building stood at Ninth Street and Grand Avenue. In earlier days Grand Avenue was known as the “Peter Roi Road” which connected the “Town of Kansas” and the Santa Fe Trail at Westport. The second United States post office building was occupied in 1900.

The present Post Office is located at Pershing Road and Broadway. This building was dedicated in

1933. Free delivery carrier service was not started in Kansas City until 1873. Today there are twenty-four sub-stations and hundreds of mailmen needed to handle the mails. It is strange to think that our Post Office started in a second story of one of the buildings along the river front in 1845.

The United States Court House and Post Office

At the same location where the second post office once stood, now stands the United States Court House and Post Office, sometimes called the Federal Building. It was opened in 1939. The Federal Courts, the Federal Bureau of Investigation (F.B.I.), Army and Navy Recruiting Offices, business offices for the United States government, and a post office sub-station are all in this building.



THE NEIGHBORHOOD FIRE

Off to the Fire

It had been a quiet day in the Miller household. Bob and Dick were in the living room fitting together the parts of a new model airplane. Suddenly the shrill wail of a siren broke the calm of the neighborhood.

"Whoop-ee-ee-ee! Come on, let's get going! What are we waiting for?" exclaimed Bob, as he rushed out the front door with Dick at his heels.

The boys were soon joined by many of the neighbors, hurrying in the general direction of the clanging fire bells. One of the men shouted: "I see it—it's coming from a store building on Troost."

Bob and Dick skirted the edges of the crowd to get closer to the fire engine. Motor cars quickly drew up to the curb. Street cars stopped midway in the block. People crowded back on to the walk.

Down the hill the fire trucks came with sirens shrieking and bells ringing. Traffic policemen had prepared the way. The hook and ladder company dashed toward a building partly hidden by heavy clouds of smoke. The firemen wore leather helmets

and rubber coats, and were all ready for the fight.

As they passed a water plug, a fireman jumped from the hose truck and screwed in one end of the hose. As the truck continued on its way to the fire, the hose unwound as it went. The other men on the truck seized the nozzle of the heavy hose, and in a few seconds sent a stream of water into the smoking second story.

Other fire companies had begun to arrive. Rubber-coated firemen seemed to be everywhere. Some rushed into the burning building to rescue persons living above the store, who might be trapped there. Others remained outside to fight the fire with water or to prevent its spreading to other buildings.

Suddenly a shout arose from the crowd that had gathered. As the wind blew the smoke aside, a fireman could be seen leaning from a second story window—and in his arms was a baby!

The fire chief gave a command and four sturdy firemen rushed to the side of the building, unrolling a net as they went. In less than a minute the firemen spread the net, each holding a corner high above his head.

The crowds watched the flames in horror as they

spread toward that second story window.

At one side of the crowd a woman screamed, "My baby! My baby! Let me by!" She started toward the burning building just as the cry "Ready!" came from the four men holding the net.

There was a flash of white through the air. The net jerked suddenly as a small body struck it. A moment later the child, unharmed, was placed in the arms of its frightened mother.

Meanwhile, other firemen were bravely fighting the fire on the east side of the building. A stiff wind had sprung up, and the flames were leaping toward the garage in back of the store.

Orders from the chief came thick and fast. Several men rushed through the thick smoke. A few minutes later they could be seen rolling heavy drums out of the garage doors.

"What are they doing?" asked someone in the crowd.

"Why, those drums hold gasoline," answered the policeman nearby. "If the fire reaches it—well, you know what will happen."

There was an awful crash inside the burning store building as the east wall fell, carrying with it the

stairway and part of the roof.

"Are the men out?" yelled the chief. "Are you sure they are all out?"

"No," was the answer. "A man from Number Five is still on the second floor."

Even as he spoke, the figure of a man could be plainly seen climbing onto the remaining part of the roof.

"Man on the roof!" called the chief. "Go after him!"

Before he had finished speaking, the men of the hook and ladder truck were swinging a ladder toward the man on the roof. No words of command were needed for the waiting fireman. Eagerly he caught the swinging ladder, fastened the hooks in the edge of the roof, and quickly climbed down to safety.

When the fire was out and the excitement over, the crowd thinned out and soon disappeared. Bob and Dick headed for home, eager to tell what they had seen. Both boys thought the work of the Fire Department was wonderful. Mr. Miller listened with great interest. He was always interested in anything connected with fires or fire departments.

A Famous Fire Company

"You know, Dick," Mr. Miller said, "Bob's grandfather was a member of the Kansas City Fire Department many years ago. In fact, when he was in the fire department, it was so fine it was invited to the Fire Congress in London, England, in 1893. Perhaps you'd like to see the picture of the two fire horses that made the trip with the Department."

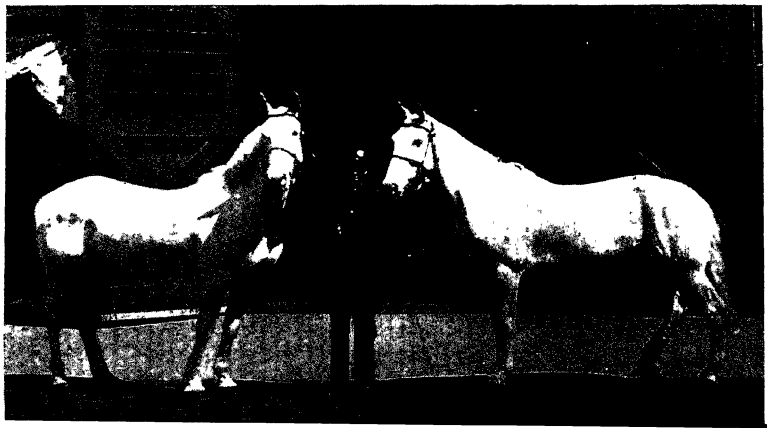
"Yes, I would, sir, where is it?" asked Dick.

"Come into my den—the picture hangs on the wall above my desk," said Mr. Miller.

As Dick looked at the pictures of "Dan" and "Joe," the famous fire horses, and of Bob's grandfather in his fireman's uniform, Mr. Miller told him the story of Kansas City's Fire Department.

"It was a great day in Kansas City," he began,

"Dan" and "Joe," trained fire horses



“when the steamboat from St. Louis swung into the landing, with the shining new fire engine on board.

“The mayor made the day a holiday and all the people came down the river to meet the boat. The twenty-five men of the fire company were dressed in red shirts and blue trousers, and were lined up to receive it. As the fire engine was pulled ashore, the band played and the people cheered. A parade led by the fire company brought the engine, decorated with flowers, to its new home in the main part of town. The fire engine was named **John Campbell** at that important gathering, in honor of one of Kansas City’s early citizens.”

“Are all the fire engines in Kansas City named for important men?” broke in Dick.

“Not now, Dick,” Mr. Miller replied. “The engines have numbers. There is a story back of the naming of the first engine too,” he continued.

“When a building caught on fire in the early days, neighbors formed a bucket-brigade and fought the blaze as best they could. Later, fire companies were formed. The men in these companies served without pay and gave their services when needed for the good of the community. Each fireman had two buck-

ets. Whenever there was a fire, the men formed in lines from the fire to wells or springs nearby, and passed the buckets from hand to hand. In a few years a hand pump, hose, and a hook and ladder truck drawn by horses were added.

“As the town grew and there were more stores, the people realized that they must have better fire protection. A meeting was called to talk over the matter.”

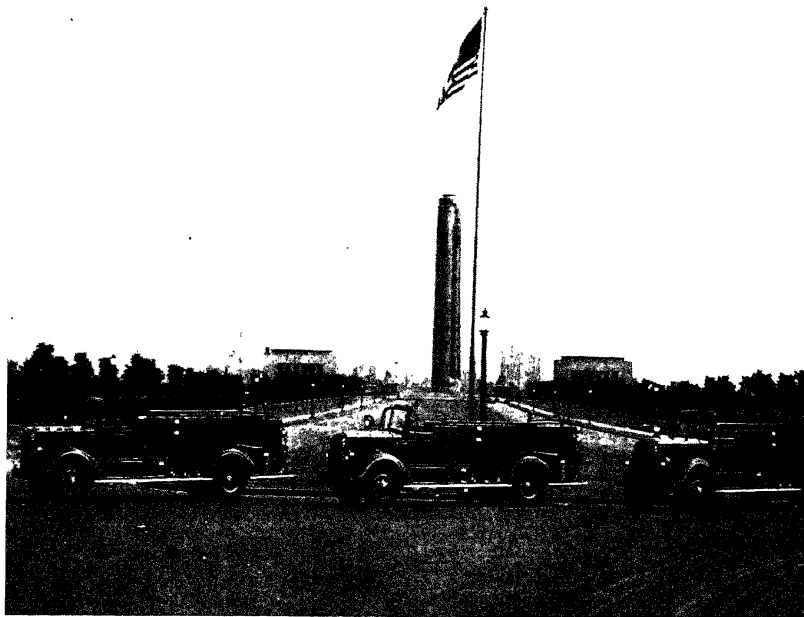
“Well, what was decided, Dad?” questioned Bob.

“‘Something must be done to save our town from fire,’ one of the men said. ‘If the wind had been blowing from the west last week as it is today, our whole town would have been swept away when that barn burned.’

“‘Yes,’ said another, ‘That is true. Our fire companies would have been helpless. Our firemen are brave, but what could they do with buckets of water and a few hand pumps?’

“‘When I was in St. Louis,’ said another man, ‘I saw their fire engine. It can force water through a hose to the tops of the highest buildings.’

“‘That is what we need!’ exclaimed many of the people. ‘That is what we must have! How much does



Modern fire fighters

it cost?"

" 'It costs a great deal,' was the answer. 'I'm afraid it costs more than we can afford to pay.' "

" 'We can raise the money!' the people cried. 'Our homes and all of our property are in danger. We must have a fire engine!' " "

"And so the collection began," Mr. Miller continued. "Everyone gave something, but in those days money was scarce in Kansas City and it seemed for a while as though the plan would fail. Then John

Campbell, a man who wanted to do something for his community, gave the entire sum needed to complete the fund.

"The fire engine was ordered from a company in the East and the people waited eagerly for it to come.

" 'Let us name it **John Campbell** when it comes,' someone suggested, 'for if it had not been for him we could never have bought it.'

"The people liked this idea. 'The **John Campbell** it shall be!' they cried." Mr. Miller looked at Dick as he finished.

"That's a great story, Mr. Miller," exclaimed Dick. "But I still don't know about the fire horses in the picture or the trip to London."

"You're right, Dick, but there is a bit more to the tale. You see, Kansas City was the first city to use swinging harness to hitch horses quickly when answering an alarm. Because our Fire Department became so well-known for its speed, it went to London to the Fire Congress. Nineteen firemen made the trip. They were the only firemen from the United States to go. They took with them two trained fire horses, Dan and Joe, and a complete set of double

swinging harness.

“Firemen from twenty different nations came to the London Fire Congress. At the meeting hall an engine house was set up in order to show how night alarms were answered. The firemen lay in bed. The horses stood in their stalls with their harness hanging on pegs. At the sound of the bell the firemen rushed down the stairs, harnessed the horses, hitched them to the engine, and moved the engine out of the door of the engine house. The Kansas City firemen



did all this in eight and one-half seconds, the best time made by any company in the contest."

"Now you can see why our family runs to every fire, can't you, Dick?" Bob joked, as Mr. Miller finished his story. "We like to follow in Grandfather's footsteps."

Dick grinned. He too liked the excitement of fires.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Facts About Fires in Kansas City

In one year:

There were 6,589 fire alarms. Of these, 4,021 were real fires and the rest were false alarms. Over one million dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

The chief causes of fire were:

- A. Carelessness with cigarettes
- B. Waste paper, rubbish, trash
- C. Electric machines, tools, and motors
- D. Children with matches
- E. Sparks from open trash fires and flues in need of cleaning or repair.

There were 4 lives lost because of fire.

There were 29 fire stations in Kansas City.

There were 386 firemen.

The Fire Department had 40 trucks. Of these, 24 were pumpers, 3 were turrets, 11 were for hook and ladder companies, one was a crash truck, and one was a hose wagon.



A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

A Story in Houses

To understand the life of a city it is necessary to see where its people work, where they play, and where they live. When the Millers had shown Dick the government buildings in Kansas City, he had seen the city at work. When they had shown him Swope Park, he had seen the city at play. Now they wanted to show him the city at home. For homes have made Kansas City well-known as a beautiful city.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller had saved Tuesday evening to show Dick the many attractive homes in the different sections of the city. They explained to him how the city had grown from the bluffs by the river, to the northeast, then east, and then south. Mr. Miller pointed out to Dick that the homes of this city tell a wonderful story with chapters written in wood, brick, and stone.

When Kansas City was a young and growing town, its first houses were cabins built of logs, and the cracks were filled with clay or mud. These made warm homes, but they had no beauty. After a time

a saw mill was started, which turned logs into boards. Then it was possible to build frame houses. Houses could be built in different styles. Paint brightened them and improved their looks.

Later, business men found that the clay in the bluffs along the Missouri River made good bricks. When made in Kansas City, the bricks cost less than those shipped from St. Louis, and besides, houses built from them were cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and less apt to catch fire. Because of all these reasons, many houses of early Kansas City were built of brick.

In addition to using clay from the surrounding hills, people began to build their homes from the native limestone. Sometimes it was used as blocks and sometimes as stucco. Either way it served to build beautiful homes in the city.

Dick was surprised to hear from Mr. Miller that Kansas City is a meeting place for designs in house building from all over the world. These designs are named for the parts of the world from which they came.

He was interested to see old English chimneys standing side by side with Dutch Colonial sloping

roofs. Spanish balconies were next to French Normandy towers. Brass knockers gave interest to Cape Cod doorways, which were neighbors to the soft red brick of Williamsburg homes like those built in early Virginia. He saw galleries of Mexico built on Monterey type homes. He found California bungalows lining rows of city streets. Tall apartment houses loomed like skyscrapers against the city's skyline. Stately homes of an earlier day, built of brick and stone, were set off by tall maples.

Dick discovered that Kansas City has not only beautiful districts for larger homes but also pleasing sections of smaller houses and bungalows. Mrs. Miller told the children as they drove around the city that an attractive home can be within the reach of almost every family. She pointed out that by taking

An attractive small home





Trees and shrubs add beauty here

pride in their homes, keeping them in good repair, planting trees, shrubs, and flowers around them, families can live in cheerful comfort. Whether they own their homes or rent them, boys and girls and their parents need to do all they can to keep them clean and homelike.

“It’s too bad, Dick,” said Mr. Miller, “that we can’t call all sections of our city beautiful, but some are not. There are parts of the city where owners have let their buildings run down. Sometimes the people who live in these buildings either are unable or do not know how to keep them attractive.”

“But,” Mrs. Miller added, “now our city has be-

come interested in trying to work out some plan to clean up these sections. Some day, Dick, when you come back to visit us, you may see all of Kansas City looking neat and attractive.”

“Aren’t there a large number of apartment buildings here, Mr. Miller?” asked Dick.

“Indeed there are—though Kansas City is known first of all as a city of homes. You’ve seen the apartments on Linwood and Armour Boulevards, and now we’ll drive past those on the Country Club Plaza.”

The Millers then drove to the Plaza District, one of the most beautiful outlying shopping centers in the United States. It is like a bit of old Spain set

Apartments along Mill Creek Boulevard



down in the midst of the city. The Plaza covers about ten blocks and includes a theater, shops, restaurants, and parking lots. At Christmas time thousands of electric lights turn the district into a fairyland. At Easter and Hallowe'en huge bunnies and jack-o-lanterns delight children of all ages. The Country Club Plaza is one of the largest of many shopping centers throughout the city.

Art Objects and Beauty Spots

After the Millers returned home, Dick exclaimed, "I didn't know there could be so many kinds of houses in one city!" He had seen examples of them all.

"Yes, Dick, city blocks are planned now to have many different styles of homes in them," Mr. Miller told him. "Years ago rows and rows of houses all alike were built along the streets, but now builders

The Country Club Plaza



try to make each house different from its neighbors. A large window, a gable on a roof, a side garage, a picket fence—these additions make a house more interesting.”

“I like the houses we’ve seen, Mother, but I still like our own house best, don’t you?” Jean asked. “I think it’s the prettiest house in Kansas City.”

Mrs. Miller smiled lovingly at her as she answered, “I’m glad you think so, Jeanie. It’s what I want you to think. Not because it cost a great deal of money, for it didn’t, but because we do everything we can to keep it clean and lovely. We want our home to look as if people who care about it live in it.”

“I suppose that means I’d better rake the leaves,

A home built in modern style



doesn't it, Dad?" Bob asked his father.

"Perhaps that's why I've asked you to, Bob. We want the neighbors to know we're proud of our home and its neighborhood," Mr. Miller replied.

"Our whole city, Dick, believes that homes are more lovely when they are placed in the midst of beauty spots," Mrs. Miller said. "For that reason, those who planned the city have turned corner lots and parkways into an outdoor gallery of art."

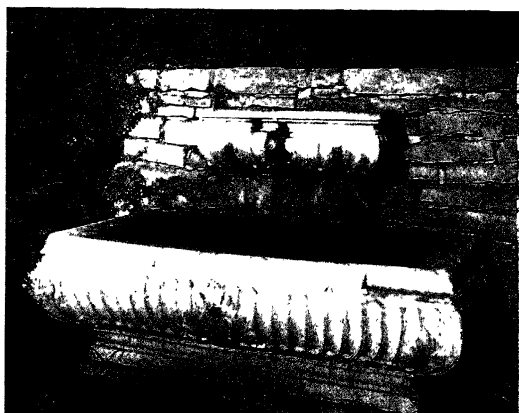
Mrs. Miller continued to tell Dick of the many beauty spots in the city made lovely by marble fountains, statues, beautiful urns and vases, tall marble columns, and stone seats. These art objects were brought here from all over the world. Instead of being placed only in the gardens of those who have the money to buy them, they stand where all may enjoy and care for them. Kansas City is fortunate to have thousands of dollars' worth of beauty in its own front yard.

Here are some of the best known art objects in Kansas City's Outdoor Gallery of Art:

Chinese Musicians—These stand in the circle where Mission Drive joins Indian Lane. Stone figures, brought from China, are playing instruments in



*The Sea Horse
Fountain*



*A Roman
Watering Trough*



*The Chinese
Musicians*

an orchestra.

Bronze Eagle—This is placed at 67th Street and Ward Parkway. It has a wing spread of twelve feet. It is over a hundred years old and weighs a ton. It stood for many years in the courtyard of a Japanese temple. The eagle looks both graceful and real.

Verona Columns—These are in a neighborhood park located where Overhill Road crosses Ensley Lane. There are eight twisted columns of marble set against a hillside. They are mirrored in a pool in front of them.

Watering Trough—This is placed at Sixty-third Street and State Line. It is made of carved marble and was used for many years in a public square in Rome. There are two troughs—a large one that was used by horses and oxen, and a small one used by people. People who drank from it probably dipped the water in gourds.

Watchdogs—These guard the entrance to High Drive from Tomahawk Road. The dogs are mastiffs, prized long ago as watchdogs. They were carved from stone over a thousand years ago. Then it was the custom after the master's death to have



The Bronze Eagle



A watchdog of long ago

Verona Columns



a stone statue made of his dog and to have it placed before his tomb.

Sea Horse Fountain—This is located at Meyer Circle, at Ward Parkway and Meyer Boulevard. It is over three hundred years old and was brought from Italy.

Kansas Citians have placed over two hundred objects of art in hillside settings. Boys and girls learn the stories of these art objects brought from the far corners of the world, and come to love and appreciate them. Kansas Citians also have planted beautiful gardens and flowering shrubs on parkways and at street entrances. Each year different spots along the Paseo and Meyer Boulevard are landscaped with hundreds of colorful blooms. Children learn of the time and money spent on shrubs and flowers, and want to care for them as their own.

The Concourse at Scarritt's Point in the Northeast District is one of the beauty spots of the city. Its shelter house is lovely in design. Many people gather there in order to see the beautiful view of the river valley below. In the sailing pool south of the shelter, children take part in boat races.

Below the Concourse to the north circles Kansas



Cliff Drive in North Terrace Park

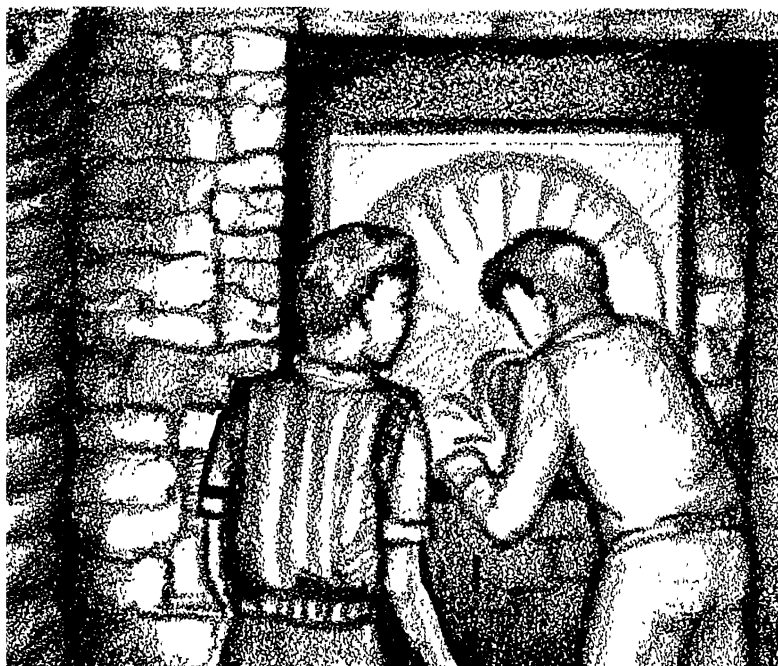
City's famous Cliff Drive. For four miles through North Terrace Park the road winds by towering ledges of rock. Cliff Drive overlooks a broad valley where there are many factories and truck gardens. Beyond flows the Missouri River.

Protecting Property

In every community there are some persons who are careless. There are some who do not respect property rights. There are some who even put the lives of others in danger.

To protect the lives, homes, and property of its citizens, Kansas City has a Police Department. Policemen patrol the streets day and night. They control traffic on crowded street corners. They keep order in crowds. They help in time of fire or flood, and prevent disorder on the streets. They arrest anyone who has taken or destroyed the property of a citizen, or who has in any way placed the life of another in danger.

There are four police stations in Kansas City lo-



*A statue
honoring
policemen*



cated in different districts. From these, four hundred and fifty policemen go out daily. Some of these are traffic officers and some are "plain clothes" men.

A policeman, in order to do his duty, must often place himself in great danger. He must have the courage to fight against any odds, to win if possible, or to die if necessary. At Fifteenth Street and the

Paseo, there stands the bronze statue of a policeman holding a little child in his arms. This statue was placed there by the grateful people of Kansas City in memory of the policemen who had been killed while protecting the lives or property of its citizens.

Because of the untiring service of the Police Department, Kansas Citians feel safe and protected at all times. They are only two minutes away from safety at any moment of the day or night. This is because all the police cars carry two-way radio sets through which patrolmen can talk to headquarters or be called where they are needed.



HALLS OF MEMORY AND OF MEETING

The Liberty Memorial

"Dick, did you know that Bob's going to march in a parade on Armistice Day?" Jean asked one day as she and Dick raked leaves together. "He marched in one last year, too," she boasted.

"What kind of a parade, Jeanie?" Dick asked. He too had begun to use the family's pet name for Jean, for by now he felt as if he belonged to the Miller family.

"Oh, it was a parade of soldiers and sailors and marines. They all marched to the Liberty Memorial and Bob marched with them because he's a Boy Scout. He looks just grand in his uniform."

"Aw, Jean—you talk too much," Bob broke in. He tried to sound cross, but he really wasn't.

"What is this Liberty Memorial you're talking about? Is it the same one we saw opposite the Station? What's it for?" Dick wanted to know.

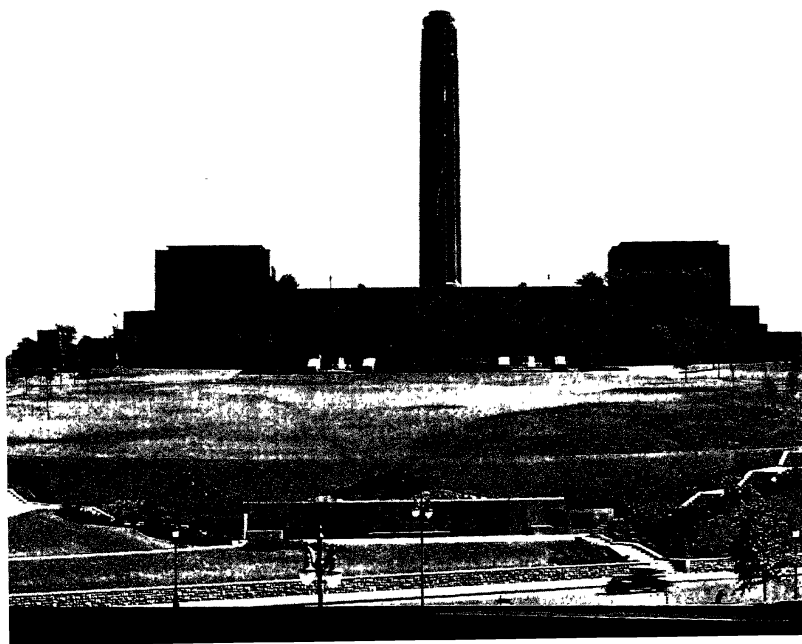
"Well, you ask nearly as many questions as I do," Jean told him. "I guess that's the way you find out so much." She gave him a saucy smile, for she liked Dick and was glad to answer his questions.

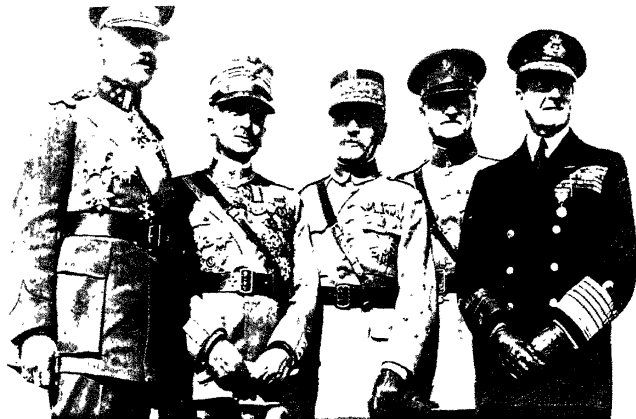
"Dad will tell you all about the Liberty Memorial—he loves to talk about it," Bob told Dick. "Maybe he'll drive us downtown tonight so you can see the Pillar of Fire."

Pillar of Fire—what was this flaming column which the Miller children knew so much about, Dick wondered.

Mr. Miller told Dick that when plans for a war memorial were talked about, a group of citizens formed a Liberty Memorial Association. The members of this group wanted Kansas City's monument

The Liberty Memorial





*Allied
Commanders
of World
War I who
met in
Kansas Cit.*

G. B. Jacques General Diaz J. Pershing Admiral Beatty

to her war dead to be one of the most beautiful in the country. Kansas Citians gave over two million dollars for the building. A well-known architect, H. Van Buren Magonigle, was chosen to design the Liberty Memorial.

Land just south of the Union Station was bought and dedicated in 1921. To the dedication ceremony came great leaders of the World War I: Marshal Foch from France, Admiral Beatty from England, Lieutenant General Jacques from Belgium, General Diaz from Italy, General Pershing, the commander

of the American forces in France, and Calvin Coolidge, then Vice-President of the United States. The dedication service was a great tribute to those four hundred forty-nine men from Kansas City who had given their lives for their country.

Dick learned from Bob that the Liberty Memorial has three buildings: the Shaft, the Memory Hall, and the War Museum. The towering Shaft reaches two hundred seventeen feet towards the sky. Carved near the top are four figures of angels—Honor, Courage, Patriotism, and Sacrifice. Their wing tips hold high an altar. At night a colored flame from the altar lights the sky. This Pillar of Fire burning each night seems to say that there can be hope for a peaceful world.

The idea for the Memorial was found in the Old Testament of the Bible. When God led his people out of Egypt, He promised them He would go before them, "by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light."

The building to the east of the Shaft is called Memory Hall. Bronze tablets on its walls record the names of Kansas City's war dead. The story of

World War I is told in interesting maps hung around the room. A large mural painting by Jules Guerin covers the upper half of the east wall. The Hall is used as a meeting place for patriotic societies.

The west building is used as a Museum for war relics. Opposite that entrance is a flag shrine of American banners and Red Cross flags. Above these hangs a large American flag, and high on the north

The War Museum at the Liberty Memorial



and south walls hang the flags of the twenty-two Allied Nations of World War I. A large collection of war posters under glass fills one side of the room. Battle relics, photographs, medals, and souvenirs are shown in cases.

Bob and Dick tried to see everything in the Liberty Memorial, and it was hard to get them to leave the Museum. But Mrs. Miller thought the boys should see Dedication Wall. They all followed the winding walks across the grassy slope down to the wall itself. There Mrs. Miller showed them the bronze heads of the five World War leaders who met each other for the first time when they came to Kansas City for the dedication of the Memorial.

Then Mr. Miller led the boys up the steps and along the curved walk to the fountains in front of the Memorial. They crossed the court and stood before the frieze on the North Wall. The boys learned that this frieze is a carved border high on the wall. Groups of figures in stone tell the story of the sufferings of war and the blessings of peace. The frieze was cut in 1935 and is the work of Edmond Amateis. It is one of the largest friezes carved in stone in the world.

By this time Dick and the Miller family had seen and learned so much that they were ready to go to their car parked south of the Memorial. Rows of hawthorn trees bordering each side of the Mall had lost their leaves, but Dick was glad to know why hawthorns were planted there. Jean told him that the hawthorn was the state flower of Missouri.

While the Millers appreciated the beauty of the hawthorn trees, the beauty of the Liberty Memorial itself was what they wanted Dick to remember. Each turned to take one last look at the Memorial before getting into the car. But Dick looked the longest at the huge stone sphinxes of Memory and Future at the base of the Liberty Memorial. He knew he would always remember them guarding the towering Pillar of Fire.

The Municipal Auditorium

This week had been an exciting one for the Millers. Getting Dick acquainted with Kansas City was a real adventure. Not only had Bob and Jean been able to show the city to their visitor but they had also learned much about it themselves.

The most fun of all the week came on Friday night. Then the family went to the circus given at the Mu-

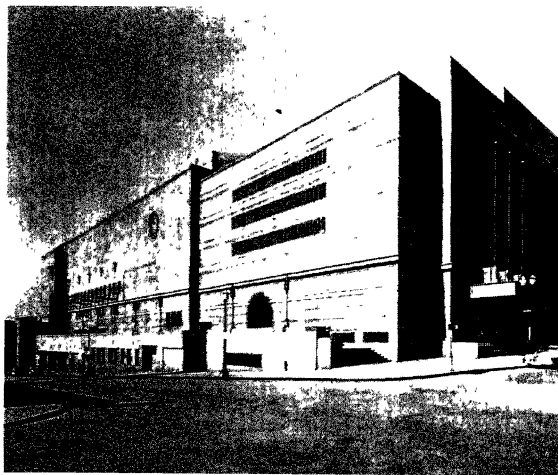
nicipal Auditorium. Dick was anxious to see what a circus inside a building in a city could be, when those he had seen had always been held in tents. "Dick," said Mr. Miller as they entered the Auditorium, "you needn't worry about this building being large enough for a circus. That will take up only a part of it—we'll show you the rest before we go to the main Arena."

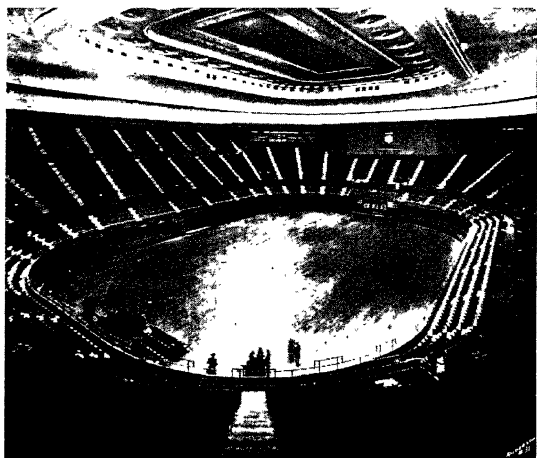
"And there's plenty to see," bragged Bob. "This Auditorium is really four buildings under one roof and it covers a whole city block."

"I may not be from Missouri, but you'll have to show me," Dick replied.

"Let's go to the Music Hall first," broke in Jean. "And then let's show Dick the Little Theater and the——"

*The
Municipal
Auditorium*





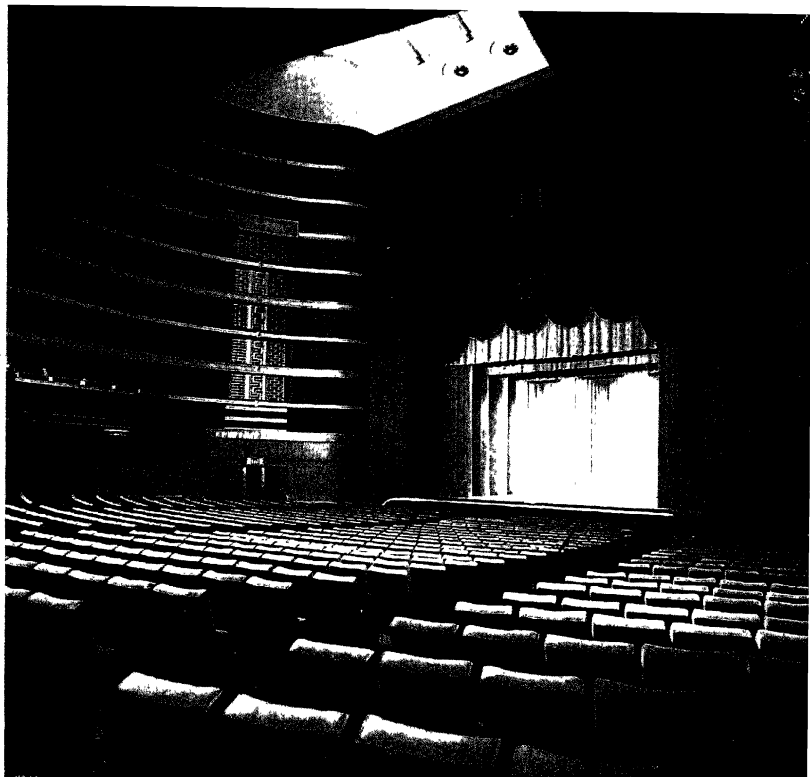
*The
Auditorium
Arena*

“Not so fast, Jeanie, one thing at a time,” warned her mother. “We’re early enough so that your father will see that Dick misses nothing.”

By the time the Millers had finished their tour of the Municipal Auditorium, Dick was sure that he had covered every foot of the building.

A trip through the huge Municipal Auditorium is a treat to anyone who makes it. Then it is easy to understand how the building cost over six million dollars and took five years to plan and build. Its walls of granite and rust-colored limestone stand as high as a ten-story building. As many as forty thousand persons can meet within these walls at one time.

Inside, the building is divided into two sections. The north side includes the Little Theater, the entrance hall called the Grand Foyer, and the Music



The Music Hall

Hall. The section called the Arena fills the south side of the building. Below the Arena is Exhibition Hall. The whole Auditorium is known throughout the world for its beauty as well as its usefulness.

Before the circus began, the Millers had time to show Dick only the north section of the building. They started with the Music Hall, the setting for

concerts, lectures, and plays. Here, during the school year, as many as three thousand children gather to listen to the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra.

The Music Hall itself is shaped like a musical instrument of early days called a lyre. The ceiling too is lyre-shaped and can be flooded with colored lights. The walls of this room are deep plum red silk, decorated with bands of gold. Coral cushions make the seats beautiful as well as comfortable. All seats have a good view of the stage.

The stage in the Music Hall is one of the largest in the United States. The central part can be raised or lowered, helping to give height to the stage scenery. A red velvet curtain screens the stage. When raised, the soft silk folds of an inner curtain are seen which are often lighted in rainbow colors. When the lights are dimmed, the audience enters a make-believe world. The beauty of the Music Hall is almost breath-taking.

The Little Theater, in the wing opposite the Music Hall, is like a setting for a fairy-tale. There are eight sides to this room. Dinners, concerts, and dances are given here. It is a gold and black room—even its maple floor is black and gold. The seats in

the Little Theater are movable chairs. The room itself, because of its lovely decorations, has been called the jewel of the Auditorium.

Just before it was time for the circus to begin, Mr. Miller led his group to their seats in the Arena. Dick liked the warm reds and blues of the walls, but as he stared at the thousands of people packed in the balconies, his eyes grew wider and wider.

"Golly," he gasped, "I've never seen so many people in one place in all my life. How many can this hall hold anyway?"

"Well, son," Mr. Miller once more explained, "when the Arena is completely filled, I understand it holds about 15,000 people. That's counting those on the main floor as well as in the balconies. I guess tonight there are only about 10,000 people here, since the main floor is being used for the circus ring."

"No wonder the crowd looks so big!" Dick exclaimed. "Why, that's more people than there are in our whole town. What else do they have in here besides circuses?"

"Oh, just about everything," Bob answered. "We've been here for track meets, basketball games, and Boy Scout round-ups."

"Then," added Mrs. Miller, "there are wrestling matches, all sorts of conventions, Sunday concerts, and a church service on Easter Sunday. You see, Dick, this hall is the gathering place for all large community affairs."

"Mother didn't tell you what I like best," Jean broke in. "Sometimes there are radio broadcasts here and stage shows." The ring in Jean's voice told how much she had enjoyed these.

"Where's the stage? I don't see any, and I don't



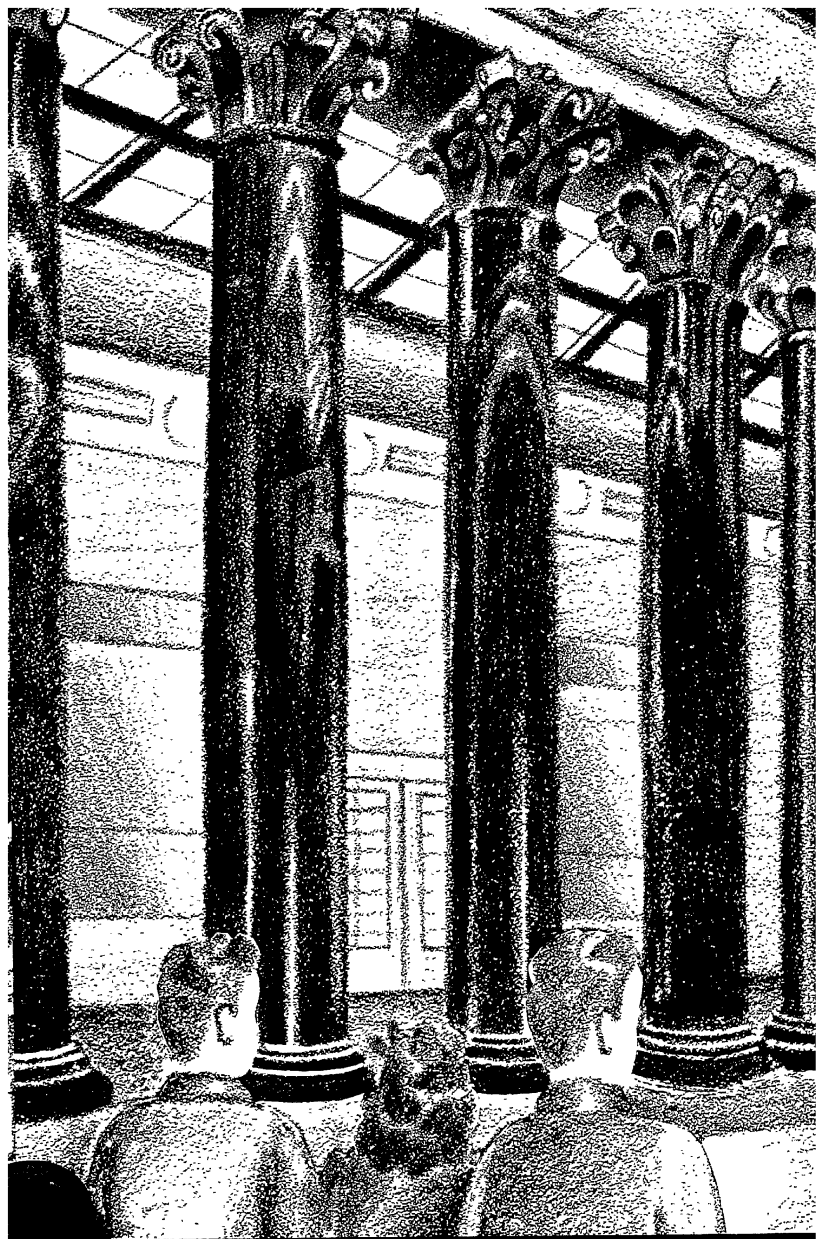
see any scenery either." Dick sounded doubtful.

"Oh, there's a movable stage. It's usually set up in the south end of the Arena," Bob answered.

"I'll bet you'll never guess where the scenery comes from," teased Jean. And without waiting for Dick to reply, she added, "The scenery and lights are lowered through the ceiling. I've been here when that's happened, so I know all about it," she boasted.

"Jeanie, it's time for the circus to begin," warned Mrs. Miller. "See, the lights in the ceiling are changing color now. That's our signal to watch."

As a group of cowboys on plunging horses charged into the Arena, Dick began to see that even an indoor circus could be an exciting event. When the evening was over, Dick was glad that he could boast of having seen Kansas City's wonderful Auditorium.



A MUSEUM AND AN ART GALLERY

The Kansas City Museum

"Well, Dick, your visit will soon be over, and we haven't shown you the Museum or the Art Gallery," Mr. Miller said one evening as the family gathered around the dinner table.

Dick didn't reply, and it may have been because he was thinking of the football game the boys in the neighborhood had planned. He had never visited a museum or an art gallery and didn't know much about them, but so far the Millers had not asked him to do anything that was not interesting or fun. Maybe he would like to go on a tour through a museum or take a trip to an art gallery.

"Suppose we plan on going tomorrow," suggested Mr. Miller. "It will be Saturday and all of us will be able to go together."

Jean and Bob were pleased with this idea, for they liked to go to both places.

"Just wait till you see the stuffed buffalo and all the Indian arrowheads at the Museum," Bob told Dick.

"And the Chinese Room and Bah-Mary at the Gal-

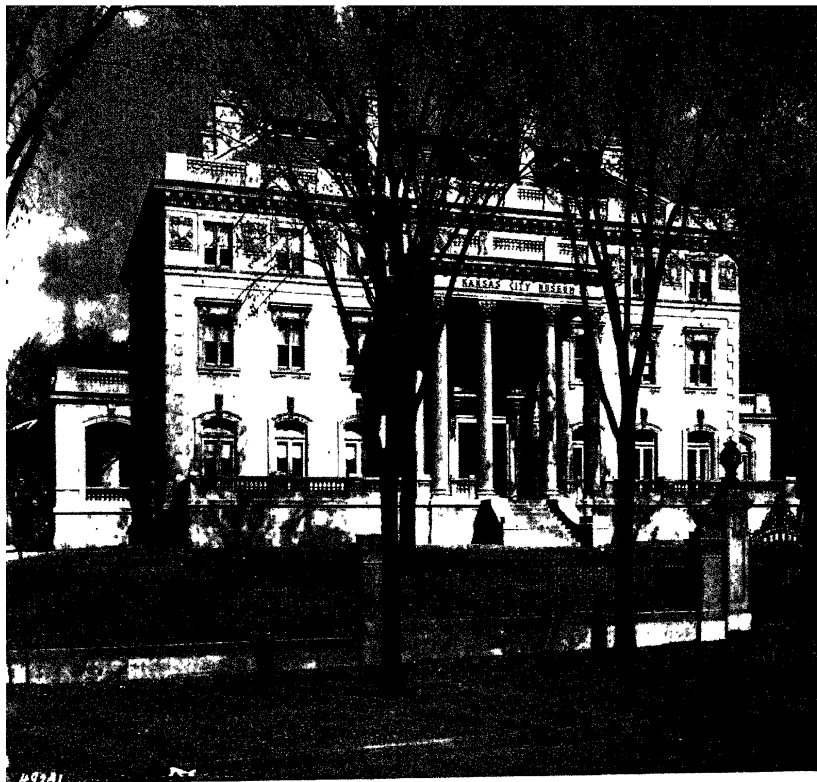
lery," Jean added.

The children made Dick curious enough to want to see these things for himself. He was now eager to make the trip.

The next day the Millers and Dick were among the earliest visitors to the Kansas City Museum. As Mr. Miller drove to the northeast section of the city, he said to Dick, "We're taking you to a part of the city which was very important in its earlier days. The Museum which you are going to see is built on ground that was once a part of the Indian lands given by the government to Reverend Nathan Scarritt. He worked among the Indians, teaching and preaching. We'll stop first at Scarritt's Point, which was named for him."

From this high point, Dick got a fine view of the Missouri River and the broad sweep of the lowlands. Mr. Miller then showed him the Thomas Hart Benton marker placed near the Point. Together they read on the marker the words spoken in 1850 by a statesman wise enough to see that a great city would rise here one day:

"... where the rocky bluff meets and turns aside the sweeping current of this mighty river; here



Kansas City Museum

where the Missouri, after running its southward course for nearly two thousand miles, turns eastward to the Mississippi, a large commercial and manufacturing community will congregate, and less than a generation will see a great city on these hills."

The Millers went on to the Museum which stands

on ground high above the river. The seventy-two room building was once the home of Robert A. Long. He left his fine home to his daughters at his death, and in 1940 they gave it to the city to be used as a museum.

As early as 1898 there was a small museum in Kansas City in the basement of the Public Library. Colonel Daniel B. Dyer started it when he gave his wonderful Indian collection to the city. The larger the museum grew, the greater was the need for a new place to display its exhibits. Kansas Citians were very happy to receive the gift of the R. A. Long home. Now there are about sixty thousand objects kept in the Museum.

Bob seemed to feel a special interest in the Museum and he wanted Dick to see everything at once—the stuffed buffalo, the bird's eggs, the skeleton of a whale, the gun collection, the transportation models. Bob kept Dick busy going from one display to another. Jean showed him the cases of moths and butterflies, the arrowheads, the early-day costumes, the Kansas City Room, the papoose carrier, and all the things she enjoyed most. In fact the children went on a treasure hunt through the museum and

missed very little of what was on display there. The morning had passed before any of them realized that it was gone.

The Art Gallery

After the visit to the Museum and a hurried lunch, Mr. Miller drove the family to the Rockhill section of the city. They were delighted with the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art. They admired not only the building and the art treasures within it, but also its perfect setting of stately trees, low-growing evergreens, and broad lawns.

Dick had heard from the Millers the story of the Gallery before they took him to visit it. They told him that the Nelson Art Gallery was built because one man had a dream of giving beauty to Kansas Citians. That man was William Rockhill Nelson, the owner and editor of the Kansas City Star. He was a man who loved art and art treasures. He wanted them for his own home which he had named Oak Hall, and he wanted to share them with his fellow citizens.

When Mr. Nelson traveled in Italy, the Millers explained, he became interested in Italian paintings. He bought some of these and had copies made of others.



William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art

These paintings he first brought to Oak Hall. Later he gave them to Kansas City.

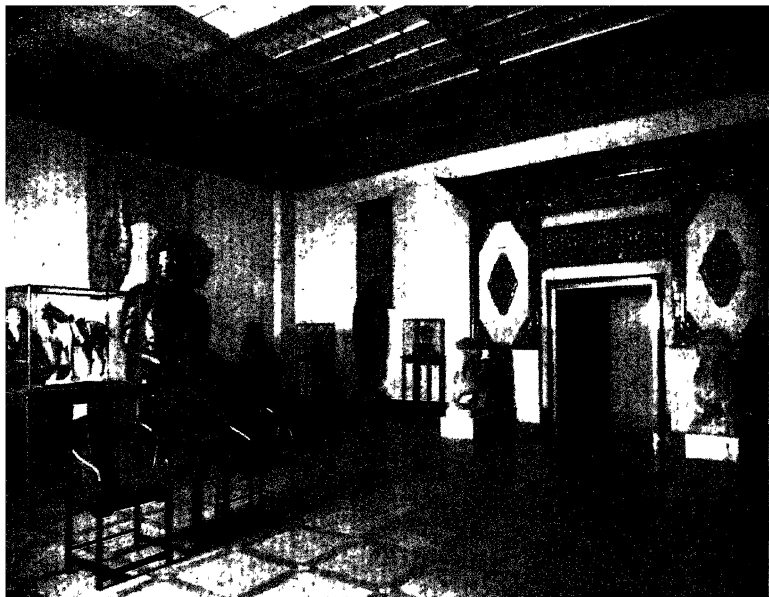
When Mr. Nelson died, he left a large sum of money to be used for an art gallery. He wanted this gallery built on the ground where his home once stood. Relatives and friends of Mr. Nelson added

their gifts of money. The East Wing of the Gallery was called the Mary Atkins Wing in honor of the woman who gave the money to build it. Rozzelle Court in the west wing of the building was named for Mr. Frank Rozzelle. He too gave money to the Gallery.

All of these people, who loved art and who wanted to share it with Kansas Citians, gave the city a treasure which people come from many miles to appreciate and enjoy. Kansas City's Art Gallery is one of the most beautiful in the world.

When Dick saw the Gallery, he knew no one could describe its beauty. As he went through the turnstile to enter the great hall, he lowered his voice in wonder. Kirkwood Hall, with its tall black marble columns, its stone walls reaching to a high ceiling, its rich tapestries, makes a stately entrance to the Gallery.

Each one of the Millers had a favorite room or display which he was anxious to show Dick. They showed him rooms of other times and other countries, filled with furniture of different periods. English, French, Italian, Spanish, and early American rooms made it easy to imagine what kinds of homes



The Chinese Room

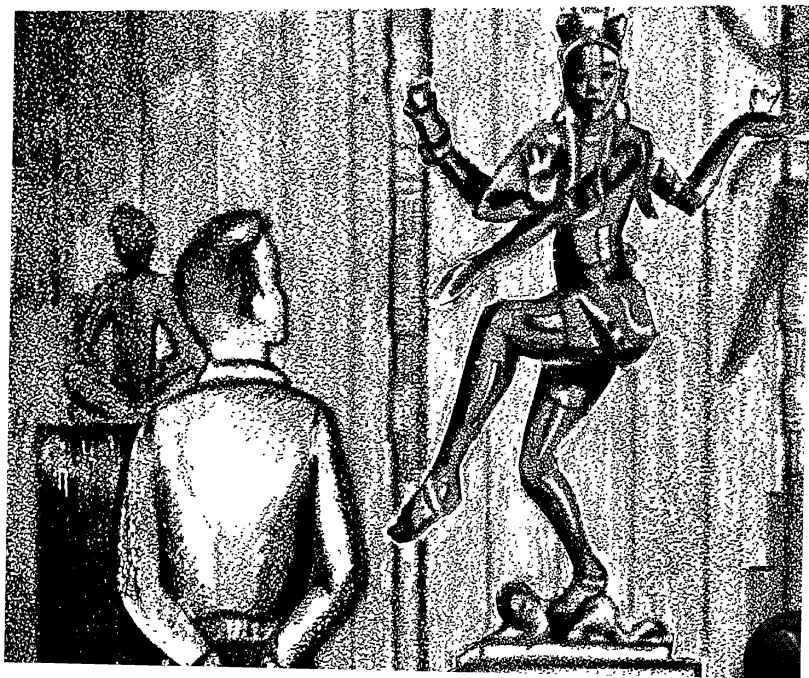
other people used to have, and to see how lovely some of them were.

The Millers took Dick to see the paintings of old masters and of modern artists. They led him into the dimly lighted Chinese Room and let him see the towering statue from the Chinese temple. They took him downstairs to the Indian Room and heard him admire the tomahawks and tom-toms there. And in each room Dick learned something interesting and enjoyed it all.

Dick learned from one of the guides that the Gal-

lery has a perfect system of invisible lighting. Hidden blue bulbs and reflectors give off different kinds of daylight to match the feeling of the pictures. Dawns, bright noons, sunsets, and gray days are shown through changes in lighting.

“What a wonderful place this is! How my mother would like to see it!” he exclaimed, as Jean led him to the carved bronze doors of the east entrance. Here she pointed out to Dick the story of Hiawatha pictured on the six pairs of bronze doors on the east



and south sides of the gallery. Bob called Dick's attention to the panels carved in stone on the east, south, and west walls which tell the story of the coming of the white man to this part of the country. The panels, which were done by Charles Keck, a famous sculptor, add their part to the charm of the building.

The building, the art collections, the setting,—all combine to make the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art a rich treasure set in the midst of the city. Dick was truly thrilled with the wonders the Gallery contained. Now he could well understand why the Millers had been so eager for him to see it, and why all Kansas Citians think of it as the city's treasure house of beauty.



MEMORIES OF AN OLD-TIMER

Early Day Education

Here was a real adventure, thought Bob, as he and Dick waited for Mr. Webster to appear. It was not every day in their lives that boys could call at the home of an old-timer and talk with him—one who had lived in Kansas City when it was nothing more than a town along the Missouri waterfront. Mr. Webster had been born in the City of Kansas more than eighty years ago, and he had promised to tell the boys some of the things he could remember about those early days. This should be fun.

As Bob and Dick heard the tap of Mr. Webster's cane in the hall, they jumped to their feet. After they had greeted him politely, they helped him into his comfortable chair by the fireside. Then they seated themselves, Dick on a low footstool and Bob on the floor at the old gentleman's feet. In the friendly glow of the firelight, it was easy to ask Mr. Webster the many questions that were on the tip of Bob's tongue.

"You don't mind our bothering you, do you, sir? You see, next week is American Education Week. So, in our history class, we're trying to find out as much

about the early-day schools as we can. I was sure you'd know about the first schools in Kansas City. That's why we're here."

"It's no bother at all, boys. I like to talk about the good old days and I'm glad to help you. Now, where shall I begin?" Mr. Webster's eyes twinkled as he answered.

"Won't you start by telling us where you went to school when you were a boy?" Bob asked.

"I went to the first public schoolhouse ever built in Kansas City, but my older brother had to go to school in a church basement. Several of those were used before the Board of Education raised the money for a school building," Mr. Webster explained.

"Did your school have a name?" Bob inquired. "Is it used today?"

"Yes, it was called Washington School. It was located at Independence Avenue and Cherry Street. They tell me the building is still standing but not in use."

"Can't you tell us what school was like in those days?" Dick questioned.

"That was a long time ago, son—way back in 1868. But I can tell you quite a tale, if you'll just bear with

an old man's ramblings."

Bob and Dick smiled at each other and settled themselves to enjoy Mr. Webster's story.

"You see, boys, the early settlers were so busy making a living and building homes in this new country that they paid little attention to education. There was no time for it. A few churches had schools in log cabins. Before the Civil War several schoolmasters held classes in log schoolhouses. I've heard my mother tell about these. Families in the neighborhood, who prized an education, paid a fee for their children to attend them. Some of the girls were sent to finishing schools called seminaries, where they learned the art of being proper young ladies. But most of the boys and girls of the town were growing up not able even to read and write.

"Some folks thought this was pretty bad, and were willing to pay taxes for schools. This meant that all children could go to school without paying.

"Other people thought free education was a foolish idea. But after several years, both groups agreed that schools in Kansas City should be free to all. Then the School Board rented basements and store-rooms for the first classes until they could build the

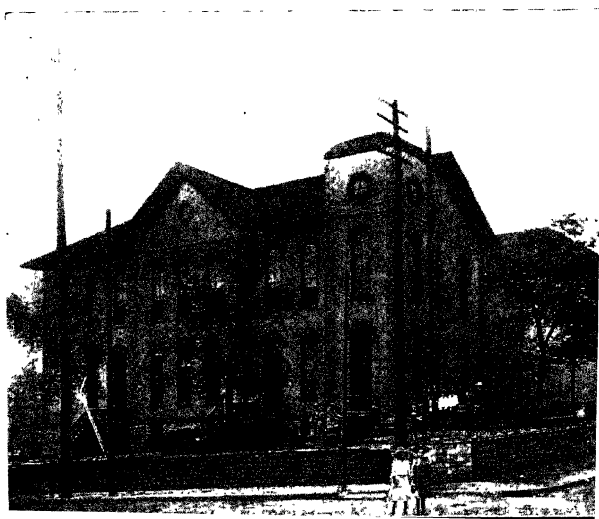
Washington School.

“My, but we were proud of that school!—though you boys probably wouldn’t think much of it. It was a two-story brick building with eight rooms. We worked hard at our lessons. We read out loud from McGuffey’s Readers. And we could spell every word in our blue-backed spellers—well, almost every word. And in geography we could bound each state in the Union. We used slates instead of tablets, and even had seat-mates.

“One year, I remember, I sat behind a girl named Sally who had long yellow braids. I used to love to tie those braids to the side of the desk just to see her lose her temper. I’d do it every time I had a chance.”

Here Mr. Webster chuckled to himself, as he

*One of the
early-day
schools—
Humboldt*



thought of this boyish prank. He gazed so long at the dancing flames in the fireplace that the boys wondered if he had forgotten the rest of his story. After several quiet moments he began to speak again.

"Let me see if I can remember the names of other schools. Yes, there were the Humboldt and the Franklin. They were built a year or so after the Washington School was opened. Of course, as the city grew, many more schools were built. It's true they were poorly lighted and heated, and had narrow halls and steep stairways, but I guess they were as good as any schools in other cities at that time.

"When I started to school we had only seven grades. A few years later a two-year high school course was added. By the time I finished the seventh grade there was a four-year course in a separate building named Central School."

Bob sighed as Mr. Webster finished his story. "Gee, that's interesting!" he said. "Listening to you is like reading a good library book."

"Thank you, lad. That's quite a compliment. Do you read many library books?" As Bob nodded Mr. Webster added, "You're a lucky boy to be able to get free library books. There was a time in the his-

tory of Kansas City when that wasn't possible. Would you believe our present public library grew from just a few volumes kept in a single bookcase? These books were in the office of the superintendent of schools. If anyone wanted to read them, he had to pay a fee of two dollars a year. I've heard my mother tell about the time when a horse and spring wagon were driven from house to house collecting books for this library."

"But when did Kansas City build its library,—the one at Ninth and Locust?" Bob wanted to know.

"Not until 1897, Bob. But by then, it was possible to get most books from the library without paying a fee. You know a public library is a wonderful thing, boys. It helps a man to educate himself for almost anything he wishes. A public library educates as well as a public school. Why, I read in the newspaper the other day that our Public Library checks out two million books a year. Think what that means to the life of the city!"

Mr. Webster had lived in Kansas City long enough to know the importance of public schools and libraries.

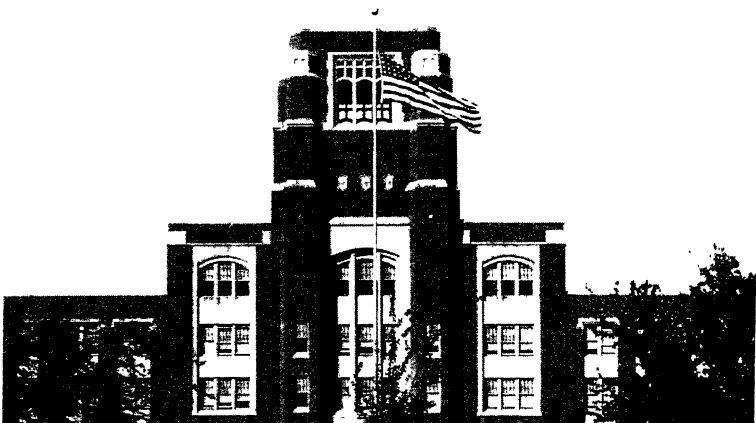
The Schools Today

By this time, both Bob and Dick felt that their visit with Mr. Webster was over, but as they started to rise, he stopped them saying, "Don't go yet, boys. You haven't tired me. I've enjoyed telling you about my school-days. Now suppose you tell me about yours. Have one of those apples on the table there. Sit down again so we can talk some more. I like to know what's going on, even though I don't go about town very much."

"That's fair enough, Mr. Webster," said Bob, as he munched his shiny red apple.

"While you were talking, I was thinking how different school is today. To begin with, we study more

Southeast High School





The DeLano School

subjects. We have art, music, science, movies on almost any subject, gym, wood work and metal work for the boys,—and then there's homemaking for the girls."

"But that isn't all, Mr. Webster," broke in Dick. "You should see Bob's wonderful school cafeteria, and the big gymnasium, and the auditorium."

"Some other schools even have showers, swimming pools, and elevators," Bob broke in. "But in ours we have a Health Center, with a school nurse in charge. She weighs and measures us each year and keeps our record on a chart. We have an Open Air Room besides. There children who need extra food and rest can even eat and sleep in the middle of the morning and afternoon."



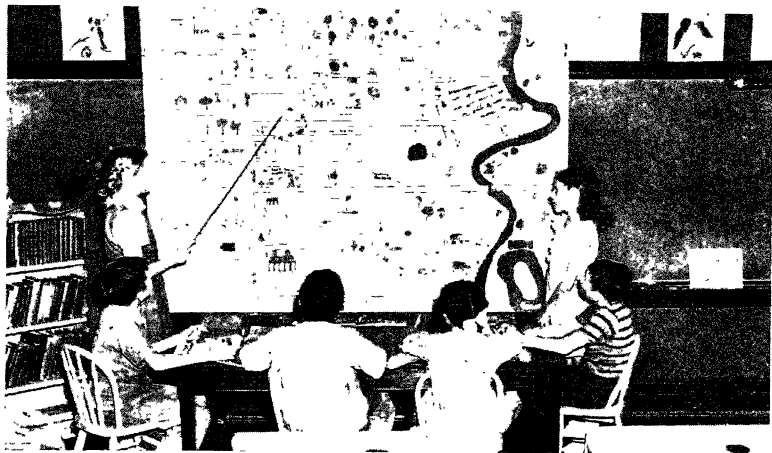
Lincoln High School

"You forgot the Game Room, Dick, and what about our Museum and Library Corner?" Bob reminded him. "We're proud of these, too."

"It seems to me you have a great deal to be proud of, young man," Mr. Webster told Bob. "I would say that you have nearly a small city within your school. Had you ever thought of that?"

Bob grinned. "That's just about right, sir. And we run it the way a city is run, too. The Student Council makes our school rules. We have a Safety Council made up of Safety Patrols—they direct traffic at school crossings. There are committees to take care of almost everything else, I guess. We try to make our school a real democracy."

"I suppose there are many more things to learn



Learning about the community

in your schools than the three R's—Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic, aren't there?" Mr. Webster asked Bob.

"I'll say there are, Mr. Webster. Our teacher told us the other day that the purpose of the schools is to help children to build strong bodies, to think clearly, to learn to read and write, to love art and music, and to become worthwhile citizens. That covers a lot of ground, doesn't it?" Bob asked.

"Yes, it does, Bob, and you did well to remember it all." Mr. Webster's eyes twinkled as he agreed.

"The thing that surprised me about the Kansas City schools is how many kinds of classes they have. It's so different from home," Dick said.

"What do you mean by 'kinds of classes,' Dick?"

Mr. Webster inquired.

Here Bob broke in. "Oh, he means not only elementary and high school classes, but also those for sight saving and open air, and physical education, and classes for crippled children, and——"

"Yes, all those, and special reading classes, and ungraded rooms, and classes for the deaf, and trade schools for learning painting, brick-laying, printing, and building," Dick added. "There is even a course in auto-mechanics. Besides, there's a greenhouse where students learn how to grow plants and flowers. Gee! the Kansas City schools must be doing everything they can to give boys and girls a good education."

"Indeed they are, boys, and it's a priceless gift



*A class in
woodwork*

they offer," Mr. Webster said. "Each child in school should make the most of every moment. If he does, he has a good chance to come out of school a mighty fine fellow and a worthwhile citizen.

"It's a wonderful thing to think that by going to school here in Kansas City, any young person can prepare himself to hold a job, or to go to college anywhere he likes. His right to that education is one of the chief blessings of living in a democracy.

"I guess the best way to tell the true success of a city," Mr. Webster continued, "is to look at the number and the condition of its schools. Kansas City can be proud of its record here. It is true, Bob, that your school sounds far different from mine. But I guess it takes more education to keep up with the world today than it did when I was young. By the way,

*A class in
homemaking*



what do both of you boys plan to do when you're grown?"

Dick replied quickly, "I want to be a first-class cattle man and raise pure-bred cattle. I've wanted to do that ever since I could remember."

Bob was not so ready with his answer. He thought a moment before he replied. "I don't really know yet, sir. Dad says I've a long time to make up my mind before I go to college. He wants me to go to Junior College and then maybe to a university."

"You're fortunate to have two fine schools right in your home community, Bob," Mr. Webster said. "I understand there are excellent courses given at Kansas City Junior College. What a fine thing it is to be able to go from kindergarten through junior college, all in one public school system. And then if you want to go on, and not leave home, you can finish your college education at the University of Kansas City."

"Gee, that school has a beautiful campus," Dick exclaimed. "The Millers took me there when I first came."

"It is a beautiful campus," Mr. Webster agreed, "and it makes a perfect setting for the university's

native stone buildings. It's a noble thing for a man to love education enough to give not only the ground but also thousands of dollars to build a university! Kansas City has such a citizen in William Volker."

"Gee, Mr. Webster, when you talk about college you make a fellow want to grow up in a hurry. I guess there are big things to be done in the world yet, and I hope to be doing some of them."

With this remark, Bob and Dick rose to leave.

"You certainly have been kind to us, Mr. Webster," Bob continued. "And you've helped me a lot with my report. I know my class will like what you've told us. Thanks so much for letting us visit you, and for the apples too—you've been great."

"Thank you, Bob, that's high praise indeed," Mr. Webster smiled. "I like young folks, and I like to help them. It's good to know that an old-timer's memories are valuable. Come back again, boys—and you don't need to wait for American Education Week either."

Mr. Webster followed the boys to the door and watched them disappear in the autumn twilight. This evening he had enjoyed traveling back through the years.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Schools

There are 70,000 school children in Kansas City. Of this number, 63,000 attend public schools. The rest go to parochial or private schools. There are 79 elementary schools, 13 junior and senior high schools, and a junior college. Two high schools train for the skilled trades. There are 51 parochial and 4 private schools in Kansas City.

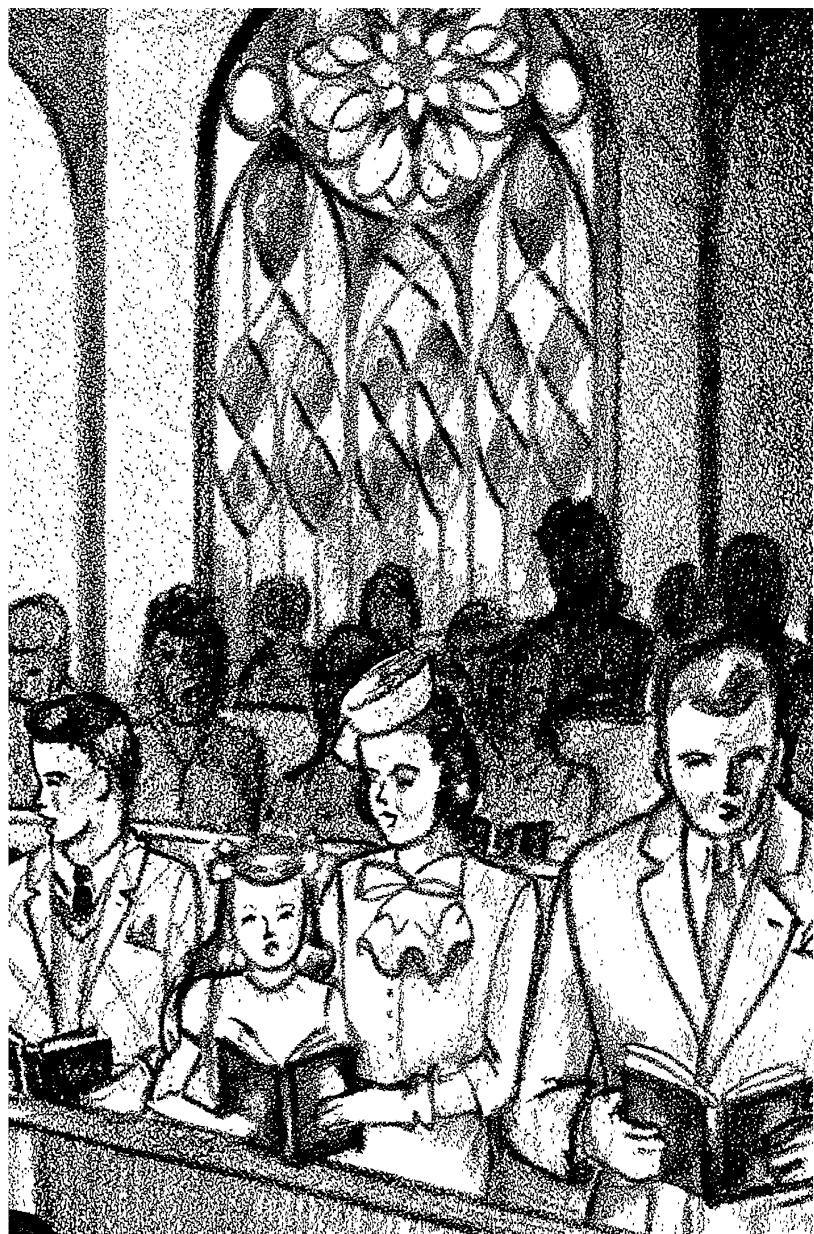
In the public schools there are 2,007 persons who



help boys and girls with their education from kindergarten through junior college. Some of these people teach night classes for adults at Junior College.

Libraries

There are one main library and 15 branch libraries in Kansas City, besides 300 libraries in classrooms. There are 90 trained librarians.



THE LAST DAY OF DICK'S VISIT

Going to Church

Dick had enjoyed going to church with the Millers on the last day of his visit. The warmth of the October sun and the bright blue autumn sky had made him glad to be alive. The friendliness of the people he had met, the stirring tones of the organ, and the solemn air of the service were all things he would long remember. He had even saved the church program to take home to his father. Mr. Norton was much interested in their church at home and always wanted to know what other churches were doing.

A Catholic church





A Protestant church

Since it was the seventy-fifth birthday of the Mil-
lers' church, the program contained not only a short
history of their own church, but also of churches in
Kansas City. Dick had read this part of the program
while he waited for dinner.

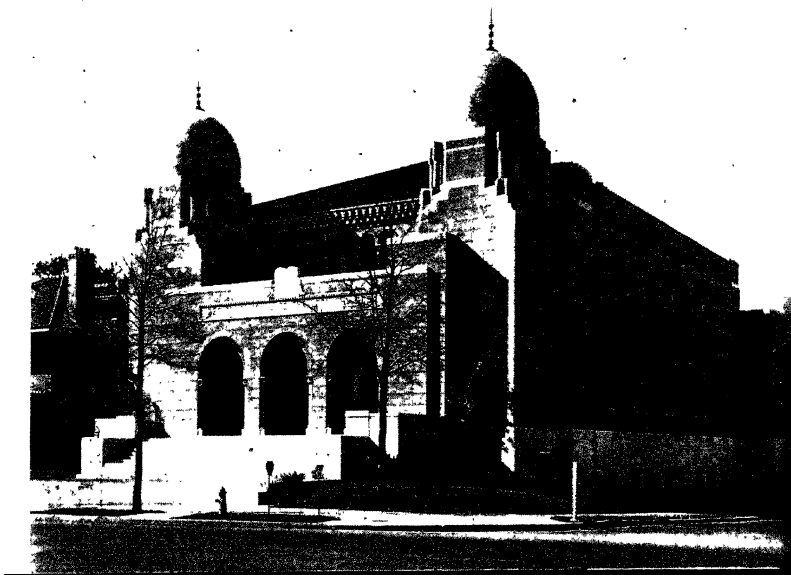
The Growth of Churches in Kansas City

The laws of our country promise that every citizen shall have the right to worship God in the way that he thinks is right. So in the early days of Kansas City there were groups which held services—sometimes in different homes, sometimes in barns, and sometimes out of doors under the trees. As the groups grew larger, there was a need for proper places in which to hold church services.

The first church in Kansas City was a Roman Catholic church which was built for the Indians as well as the white people. It was located near what is now Eleventh and Penn Streets, but at that time it was so far from the center of town that many thought it was out in the country.

The first Protestant church was Methodist. For a time services were held in an old log school house. A few years later a lot was bought at the corner of Fifth and Wyandotte Streets, and a small church was built. This building was

A synagogue



used for some time not only by the Methodists, but by other groups that had no churches of their own.

The first Jewish temple was built at Sixth and Wyandotte Streets, but it was soon too small for the group worshipping there, so another temple was built at Eleventh and Oak Streets.

As the years passed, many other churches were built. Kansas City is today a city of 248 churches—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. Of this number, there are forty groups of different faiths.

Many modern churches in Kansas City are famous for their beauty as well as for the work they do. Some of them have reading rooms, gymnasiums, dining, and lecture rooms. Today churches are centers for service to the community.

As Dick finished reading the church program, he placed it with the rest of the souvenirs he wanted to take home. He then hurried to answer Mrs. Miller's call to dinner.

Packing to Leave

Packing was an easy job for Dick with Bob and Jean to help him. After dinner the Miller children followed him to his room, eager to see what he was doing. They were much interested in all that went into Dick's suitcase.

"Are you sure you have everything, Dick?" Jean asked in an anxious voice. "Where's your Stock Show ribbon? I'll bet you don't have it!"

"It's right here in this pocket," Dick replied. "I'd

never forget that—not in a million years.”

“Well, I don’t see how you’re going to get all those things into one traveling bag,” Bob said as he pointed to the pile of Dick’s belongings on the bed. “You’ll never make it. Besides, where will you find room for your mother’s and dad’s presents?”

“You just watch me,” Dick answered.

He began folding his clothes somewhat in the manner his mother had suggested. He knew they would be unpacked under her sharp eyes. He took special care to place her brightly-wrapped present so that it would not be crushed by the paper-weight he had chosen for his father.

On top of his clothes Dick laid the precious souvenirs he had collected during his week’s visit. There was the map of Kansas City which Mr. Miller had given him. There was the American Royal booklet for 4-H Club members to be placed beside Peter Mischief’s ribbon. Next came the program of the circus with a picture of the Municipal Auditorium on its cover. There were the many post cards he had gathered showing views of the city. Last of all he put in the Boy Scout knife he had bought with his prize money, wrapping it in one of his sweaters.

After Jean and Bob had watched Dick for several moments, Jean whispered something to her brother, who smiled and disappeared. Before Dick had time to notice that he was gone, Bob returned and said shyly, "Dick, here's something from Jean and me to add to your souvenirs." And Bob held up a large orange and black Kansas City pennant. "Hang this in your room when you get home. And whenever you look at it, think of the good times we had seeing Kansas City together."



“Aw, gee, Bob, thanks. I’ll be proud to add it to my collection,” Dick answered, and he swallowed hard. “I’ll always remember the fun we’ve had and I’ll remember this city too. It’s been a wonderful place to visit. I’m sure it would be fine to live in Kansas City.”



MY CITY CREED

I am a citizen of Kansas City. I belong to Kansas City, and Kansas City belongs to me.

I know Kansas City for what she has done in the past. I love her for what she is today. And I trust her for what she will do in the future.

I am glad when Kansas City prospers. I am proud that she can overcome whatever stands in the way of her progress. I have faith in her high ideals of brotherly love.

I am a part of her life today. And I pray that tomorrow and in the days and years to come, I may serve in bringing strength and honor to my Kansas City.

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